THE MUSINGS OF A Michigan Miner

By

Robert Scott

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TO

WILMA

This collection of verse, is given to you as a Tribute to the memory of your Mother.

It should be held in reverence, respect and dignity always.

With lots of Love,

Dad

TO MY DAUGHTERS+++WILMA AND MARY

I HAVE ASSESSEMBLED THIS COLLECTION OF POEMS,THAT I'VE WRITTEN TO YOUR MOTHER THROUGH THE YEARS.

I'M GIVING THEM TO YOU,WITH THE THOUGHT,THAT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KEEP THEM,AND PERHAPS,GAIN A LITTLE INSIGHT INTO THE GREAT LOVE,YOUR MOTHER AND I HAD FOR EACH OTHER,

I CHARGE YOU,THAT THEY WILL BE TREATED WITH THE REVERANCE AND RESPECT,DUE A MOST WONDERFULL PERSON,AND THAT,YOU WILL,SOME DAY READ THEM TO YOUR CHILDREN .

THAT THEY,TOO MIGHT SEE,WHAT A WONDERFULL PERSON THEIR GRAND=MA WAS.

YOU WILL NOTICE THAT I HAVE LEFT A SPSCE UNDERNEATH EACH POEM, I WOULD LIKE YOU TO PLACE A PICTURE OF YOUR MOTHER THERE,

PERHAPS,ONE THAT WOULD REMIND YOU OF THE THOUGHTS THE POEM BROUGHT TO YOUR MIND.

I HAVE NO REGRETS,I GAVE HER FLOWERS WHEN SHE COULD SMELL THEM.

AND I'M SO HAPPY,AND THANKFUL.THE WE WERE PRIVILEDGED TO BE TOGETHER LO, TYESE MANY YEARS

YOUR DAD

" Through the eyes of a Buffaloe "

He stood in the compound of a Road-side Zoo,
This shaggy beast,of a day long past;
And,as I approached,he came forward too,
To greet me for a tid-bit;I had none to cast.

He raised his head,and I reached to touch,
The matted brown hair,where hovered blue flies;
Then he looked at me,and my heart gave a lurch,
For I read HATRED there,in those soft brown eyes.

Yes,HATRED,for all this two-legged race ,
That fenced him in,and prodded and stared;
And threw him som hay,with a smile on their face,
But stayed far enough,just as far as they dared.

I stood there transfixed,those eyes seemed to say,
" You hunted me down,and tore off my hide;
You cut out my tongue,and threw the rest away,
Except for my liver,which you roasted with pride."

"And what of the Red Man? who just killed to eat,
To stay alive,you've got him penned in too;
Why not throw him in here with me,for a treat,
For,your kiddies just love a Roadside Zoo."

You stained the prairie with our life-giving blood,
You made nice warm coats for your females to wear;
Even now,as I watch you,with my feet in the mud,
You're visioning steaks for your grill,cooked rare."

"On your way,brave man,you've conquered the wild,
If I've touched your heart-strings,i'ts a little late;
To show pity for us,who look gentle and mild,
But ther's a day coming sure,when you'll ponder your fate."

There's no buffa loe now, to hunt down and kill,
Not even enough to serve your table with meat;
So,you kill eadh other off,your blood-lust to fill,
On the battle-field far,yea,right here on the street."

As you turn away,and your shoulders you shrug,
Take a look in the next cage,I'm sure you'll agree;
There's the jackals and wolves,why not give them a hug
Their your kin folks you know,since you dropped from a tree.

Bob Scott

Thats my Dad

The Wacky Adventures Of Grand-Pa Scott

"THE SKELETON"

While on a casual stroll one day,'neath summer sky,
On Scotland's rugged Hebrides,I watched the breakers roll;
And across the tide-lands,where ships are wont to die,
I sat me down to contemplate,and rest my weary soul.

How long I sat,day-dreaming there,I venture not a guess,
I must have dozed for quite a spell,'cause now the sky was gray;
The white-caps raced like fury,-time to worry,I confess,
The rain slashed down in sheets,-and I amidst the fray.

I looked back to the path,where I'd came not long ago,
Now lashed with rain,and covered o'er,with flotsam from the sea;
Each succeeding wave on wave,now barred my exit,-So,-
With heaving heart,I looked about,for a place to shelter me.

Scrambling up among the rocks,a cave,one fathom high,
Beconed me,and in my haste,my bleeding hands seemed raw;
But on I climbed,with gritting teeth,~~my-bl~~- resolved to do or die,
My one,and only chance,to escape Death's cruel maw.

The dim light in the cave,gave me little chance to look,
How far the cave extended,so I set out to explore;
And round a corner,I stopped aghast,for there,proped in a nook,
Was a ghastly,grisley,skeleton;my heart throbed to the core.

The storm outside was raging worse,and lapping at the door,
Of my strange prison house of rock,I dropped down on my knees;
My chattering teeth were keeping time,and sweat began to pour,
From my forehead,but I prayed,so my aching heart would cease.

And while the storm raged on,those sightless eyes met mine,
The grim white bones,seemed to match the grin;
From a skull,that leered from a diffrent clime
---From a world set free from sin

SAY!,did those fingers,bend a line,
And,with their calloused pads portray
The gift of rapture,-in a world sublime,
Or did they seek to destroy;-betray.

I'd say,that two fathoms,and more was the hieght,
And barrelled rib-cage denotes the girth;
Of this once human,-perhaps a knight,
Who can tell;was it sadness,or mirth.

The long white legs;did they scale the hills,
Of human dignity;-or falter on the way;
Did they once note,the troubles and ills,
Of this sad world,now in battle array.

Or, was he just a sea-man, whow toiled before the mast,
And had a girl there waiting, in a cottage by the sea;
Or, was he just a felon, persued by dreams of cast,
And maybe, just a derelict; like you and me.

To grieve of this, and wonder, as I poked arround,
Among the relics of a long, long distant past;
Seems fruitless now, perhaps he's just a sailor cast aground,
From a once proud ship, that found rest at last.

The storm has cleared, it's time for me to go,
And with a heavy heart, I saunter on my way;
The path, which now has cleared, -and water's low,
Bid me to say farewell, -but again I pray.

I pray that this lone heap of whitened bones,
Will not be disturbed again, in times to be;
I know, that I will not again return, to these zones,
To linger, just a shade too long, beside the sea.

Grandpa.

The wacky adventures of Grand-Pa Scott (UNCLE HERB)

When I was a lad,I lived in the back-woods of Tennessee.I lived with my Paw and Maw,and my Paw's brother,Uncle Herb.
Uncle Herb was quite a character,he lived in the loft of our big barn,and his job was to ten our whiskey still,which took up most of his time.He was a huge man, with a long black beard,and was easily recognized,as a cloud of fruit flies hovered over his head wherever he went.This was caused by the fumes from the whiskey mash,and he called it an "Employment hazard".
When he had some time to spare,he'd tell me stories of his life as a pioneer, when he travelled with Daniel Boon,Buffloe Bill Cody,Kit Carson,and other adventurers.
My Paw said he streached the truth a little,for instance,the scar on his head, Which he told me was from an Indain tomahawke,according to my Paw,was caused by being conked on the head with a beer bottle,I like Uncle Herb's version better don't you?
He had only one steady job in his whole life,and that was the time,a man who had a flea circus,lost the dog that stored and fed his fleas,hired Uncle Herb to take the dog's place.
He was full of stories about his circus life,as he called it. I will try and recount some of his stories,as he told them to me,and will send them to you from time to time to keep in the "Wacky adventures of Grand-Pa Scott"

"UNCLE HERB AND THE POLAR BEAR"

"It was time I was up in the Yukon Territory with Dan McGrew .I was out beyond the Artic Circle,and was running a trap line,when I stumbled on a gold nugget. It was not a very large piece,just about the size of an ordinary football,but it took all my strength to carry it,what with my traps,my long rifle,and all the other things I needed.
Well Sir,it was about sixty below,and the going was kind of rough,and,what with the gold and all I was pretty near tuckered out long twards nightfall.
I stumbled into a creek,clean through the ice,and lost my gold,my traps,but worst of all,I lost my little bag of lead balls for my rifle.
I could have managed all right,but as I looked up,what did I see,but the biggest Polar bear,coming right at me.
It was about seven feet tall,and roared out a challenge to me,as it came down the slope
I suddenly remembered that I had plenty of powder,but not a piece of lead, And I was indeed in an awful fix.Well Sir,I could see I had to out-wit the bear,but how.I knew I was in for a terrible fight.
As I stood there waiting for the bear to make his play,I remembered that I'd left a jug of likker in my cabin,and I started to cry.
Suddently I felt a pitter-patter on my hands,and found that my tears had frozen solid,so I quickly rammed powder down my rifle,then a handfull of frozen tears, Drew a bead on that big bear,fired,and was happy to see the bear tumble head over heels,dead.

The Wacky adventures of Grand-pa Scott (Cousin Zeph)

Once a year,we had a visit from Cousin Zeph.He was a sort of travelling trader, and always stayed a few days,then was off again.He would be gone about two days when the Sheriff would come asking for him.It seems that his "trading" wasn't always honest,but he kept a jump ahead of his recent activities.

Sometimes his trading back-fired on him,like the time he was stranded in Chicago with a two hundred pound sack of grain.He found that no one in Chicago wanted grain,so,he thought that if he could have it ground into flour,he could sell it. The police picked him up down-town,when they found him with the sack of grain on his shoulder,as he was asking people on the street where he could locate an "All-night windmill".

Like all our relatives,he was always inventing labor saving devices,and he had some success,when he mixed pop-corn with his pan-cakes,so that when the corn popped,the pan-cakes would turn themselves over

It was just turning Spring when he came on his visit.The weather was peculanr, it would be warm for a while,then it would freeze so sudden,that we were back in winter again in a few seconds.

On this particular day,Cousin Zeph borrowed a fishing-pole,and went down to the creek to catch a mess of fish for supper.It was a beautiful day,nice and warm and Cousin Zeph was really having a nice time,with the hot sun on his back, though the fish weren't biting.

There were hundreds of bull-frogs all along the bank of the creek,sunning themselves,when,all of a sudden,one of those quick freezes came.The frogs had a feeling that something was wrong,and all at once they made a jump for the safety of the water.

Well,they didn't quite make it,as the creek froze over,when they were half in the water,and,there they were stranded,with their big fat juicy legs sticking out of the ice.

Quick as a bunny,Cousin Zeph ran back to the house,got a scthe,and cut himself the biggest mess of frog-legs ever seen in this part of the country.

We were plauged with Hoop-snakes abo ut this time,and this caused us some concern as the snakes were very poisonous,but again Cousin Zeph showed his ingenuity. The hoop-snakes didn't travel like ordinary reptiles.They travelled by putting their tails in their mouth,and travelled like a hoop,and they could go quite fast.One day Cousin Zeph,was hoeing the garden patch,when,in a cloud of dust, a hoop-snake came rolling down the hill towards him.As it got to Cousin Zeph, he made a swing at it with his hoe,the snake bit the hoe as it passed,and right away,the poison took effect on the hoe handle,which swelled up so much,that we cut all our winter's fuel of that one hoe-handle.

Cousin Zeph really liked to travel in comfort,and when he put four hoop-snakes arround the wheels of our wagon,we had the first ballon tires ever seen in our part of the country.

Unlike most men in our hill-country,Cousin Zeph didn't have a beard,and though he never owned a razor,he was always clean-shaven.

Here again he ha d a rather odd way of getting rid of his wiskers.He would take a piece of slab-wood,and slap himself on the cheeks,untill his whiskers were beaten into his mouth,then he would bite them off on the inside .

Grand-pa

The wacky adventures of Grand-pa Scott (The inventor)

Ma was always washing clothes,and fussing around the house.Out in the yard,she had a fire going,and had a big iron kettle boiling her burlap dainty things,the lid of the kettle was rattling away like mad,and Uncle Herb squatted down beside the fire. I could see that he was in deep thought,and was wondering what this strange power in ordinary water was,that could lift the lid of the iron kettle.
He sat pondering this over in his mind,and I could see that he was in one of his inventive moods.He knew that there must be some way to harness this power.after a while,he couldn't resist the temptation,and,to get a better view of the boiling water he lifted the lid.
Then thinghs began to happen,! He let go the lid of the kettle,and started one of the finest exhibations of Indian dancing I'd ever seen.With one hand tucked under his arm-pit,he danced all over the yard,but,the sounds he was making did'nt sound like any Indian diaalac I'd ever heard.
Then he stopped,and in one big flash,HE INVENTED THE VERY FIRST POT-HOLDER

One yeareverything seemed to go wrong at our place.It was a bad year for crops, nothing seemed to grow,and two men came from the government with axes and smashed up our whiskey-still,and dumped out all our oil-drums of mash,and put us temporarily out of business.Our corn was so small,that,that the crows had to get down on their knees to pick it.Then our "Water-hole" dried up.This was a big hole in the middle of the county road,which we kept full of water,so that,when these new fangled things called "motor-cars" came along,they would get stuck in the mud,and Uncle Herb would pick up a few dollars,pulling the cars out with our mule.
Then Uncle Herb really got a brain wave,which put us back in business.He put a small advertisement in a magizene,saying,that for one dollar-bill,he would show anyone how to cut their gas bills in half.
Soon we were receiveing lots of dollar-bills through the mail,and Uncle Herb write the people a short note,which said.
"To cut your gas-bill in two,first fold the bill once,being sure that the crease is centered perfectly,then take a pair of scissors,and cut along the crease.When you've done this
done this,you'll find,that by following my instructions,you've actually cut your gas-bill in half"

Some people wrote and asked for their money back,which Uncle Herb paid no attention to.
I asked him about that,and he said,"Sonny,as you go through life,you'll find,that there's a sore-head in every bunch,these people who want their money back,are not being honest.in the first place,they've already read my instructions , and have cut their gas-bills in half,and,are just sneaky enough to think that your old Uncle Herb would go along with their sceme to deprive me of this hard earned money,but if everybody was as honest as your Uncle Herb,this old world would be a better place in which to live

Grand-pa

"Wacky Adventures" HERB MEETS BUCK

One day I got to wondering how Uncle Herb met "Buck",our Sheriff,so I asked him to tell me.
"Well",says Uncle Herb,"We've been together a long time,we've worked the ranges and fought Indains together,and helped carve out the west,and if anybody deserves a nice easy job,it's Buck.
How did he get the name"Buck",I asked,and Herb says "There's two schools of thought on that question",I've heard it said,that it was because he was a bronca-buster,on the other hand,I also heard it said,it was for his fondness for the Dollar,also called,"The Buck".But,to get on with our meeting.
"As you know,I'd spent some time on ships,and was ship-wrecked in the China Sea. When I was picked up,I was on a raft,and about half-dead.I woke up on the deck of a Chineese Junk,with the captain giving me first-aid.The Captain's idea of first-aid, was putting a hot stove lid on my chest,which made a permenant red circle on my chest. However,I soon tired of eating rice and fish-heads,and asked the Captain to let me off at the first island we came to.He had me rowed ashore with my ditty-bag,which I always carried with me,with the various things I'd picked up on my travels.I thanked the Captain,and sat down to wait for another ship to pick me up.The junk had just moved out of sight,when I was surrounded by a group of savages,who prodded me with their bamboo spears,and motioned me to follow them into the jungle,so I could do nothing else but do as they said.They were a queer looking bunch,with fuzzy hair and bones stuck through their noses.When we reached their village,they put me in a hut,and left two guards watching me.In the morning,I peeked outside,and the whole tribe was on their knees facing the rising sun,so I took them to be sun-worshippers and began to think that I had gotten myself in quite a jam.I also noted that there was a huge earthenware pot in the middle of the village,and they were busy piling wood around it,and I grasped the idea,that I was going to serve as the main dish at their noon-day meal,all this created quite an impression on me.One of them began thumping on a hollow log with a pair of big bones,and soon they all came by me,and began to feel my body all over,and some just licked my arm,and smaked their lips. As they all took their turn,they dropped half a cocanut at the feet of my two guards who made marks on a slab of wood with a burnt stick.Then there was a great beating of drums,and they all ran down to the beach,except the two cocanut collectors,who were counting the "take",and slapping each other on the back.
Soon the tribe came back,but they were being led by a white man,who seemed to be pretty important.He was a big man,without a shirt,but on his chest was a bright red circle,and the natives would look a this circle,then bow their heads.The white man thumbed my two guards out of the way.I was getting pretty warm by this time,so I pulled of my shirt.Then things began to happen,they took one look at the red circle on my chest,and fell to their knees,the hot stove lid had turned the tables for me. The white man comes over and takes my hand,and says,"I'm Buck,glad to see you've joined the club".Now the crowd was picking up the cocanuts and throwing them at the two collectors,who ran into the jungle to nurse the lumps on their heads.
I asked Buck how he got in this mess,and he told me,that he'd got in a fight on a ship over some painting deal,and someone hit him on the chest with a paint mop full of red paint,the blow sent him over the deck into the water,and he swam to an island where the natives took him for some kind of a Sun-God,and set him up as a trader.
"It looks like I got here just in time",he says,"Them two nut collectors were about to open up a meat market,with you as their stock,but come with me,and I'll make sure they wont bother you again" He reached in my ditty-bag and took out a can of health salts,filled two half cocanuts with water,poured a lot of the health salts in,and as the water foamed up,he said,"Drink".This caused the natives to again fall on their knees,and Buck says,"They can't seem to get used to seeing someone drinking "boiling" water",and that's how Buck and me became life-long friends.But I can't even let a dog lick my hand now,and I certainly will never eat a cocanut.

"Wacky Adventures" PA and MA

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So far.I've mostly told you about Uncle Herb and Cousin Zeph,and I'm afraid I've neglected to tell you more about Pa and Ma,and our neighbors.

When Pa first settled in this valley,it was about the worse piece of land for farming you could imagine,but Pa being a Scotsman,accepted the challenge to carve a farm out of this wasteland.It was cheap,and it was hidden between hills,and there was a creek,and Pa saw that he could take advantage of the knoledge he'd gained,while working part-time in a distillery.The first thing he did,was to get rid of the Indains who occupied the valley,so he put on his kilts,and played his bag-pipes every night.When the Indains heard the bag-pipes,they declared the place was being taken over by "Evil Spirits",so they packed up and left

It was the "Year of the small potatoes",a famine which put Ireland and Scotland on meager rations.The potatoes were about the size of marbles,so Pa took his crop of potatoes,painted them in bright colors,stuck a hair-pin through them and cornered the market on Christmas Tree decorations.He then packed up and came to America.He passed up all the lush farm land,and pushed on in a covered wagon untill he came to this valley.

Now how can I describe Ma,she had an ingenous way of making tough situtations seem trivial,for instance,when meat was scarce,she'd place a huge platter of boiled potatoes before our open fire-place,then she'd bring in a pig,and make him stand over the platter,untill the pig got so hot,that the grease ran down his sides,and covered the potatoes with gravy.she then chased the pig out,and had a big dish of potatoes and gravy.When oats got scarce,she put green eye-glasses on our mule,and fed him saw-dust.She was a very strong woman,and could sit for hours with two crow-bars,knitting fences out of barbed wire,she also had a wooden keg full of milk,tied under her rocking chair,and as she knitted away,she was also churning the milk. Meantime Pa,who was always experimenting,planted a field of young tobacco plants,and he covered each plant with a small flower-pot,when the plants grew,they twisted themselves up through the hole in the pot,and became instant cigars,all he had to do,was take a pair of sissors and snip them off, Soon the whole valley was getting to look like a farm.The travelling minister stopped on day and said to Pa" Jake,with the help of the Lord,youv've turned this place into a beautiful garden",and Pa,wiping the sweat of his face says,"Yes, you should have seen it when the Lord had it all to Himself"

Astimme went on,Ma stripped the cover off the wagon and made curtains for the windows ,Pa planted thistles around the place,this was to keep any prower sneaking up in their bare feet in the nighttime.He was always talking about his older brother Herb,who had left home,and shipped out to sea,but now and then passing strangers would tell him news of Herb,and Pa passed the word around for Herb to come and live with us.

And so it came to pass that Unvle Herb came wandering in one day,said he was tired of punching cows,and fighting Indians.He took over the job of modernizing the still,made himself a couple of rooms in the barn,and by and by his blond hair turned black,he grew a beard,helped get an old buddy of his elected Sheriff, The thing that clinched the election,was an exhibition of shooting put on by Herb and Buck,the Sheriff.Before a huge crowd of voters,they faced each other about thirty yards apart,and ,both of them deliberatly drew their six-guns and fired one shot at the same time.To everyones surprise,Herb walked towards Buck,and picked off the ground two flattened bullets,so,the voters rushed to the polls and elected Buck,anyone that could hit a bullet coming towards him was the kind of a Sheriiff they liked.When Pa heard of this,he said,"So thats what Herb was hammering at in the barn"

Grandpa

" A YARD OF BEER "

Cousin Zeph was all dressed up.He had on a brand new stripped suit,a fancy pleated shirt,yellow shoes,and carried a bamboo walking stick.As he walked down the street swinging his cane and whistling,people turned to stare at him.He swaggered into a saloon,rapped his cane on the bar,and in a loud voice yelled" Bartender,give me a yard of beer",everyone laughed,except the bartender,who had a headach,and Zeph's loud voice wasn't doing his headach one bit of good.Zeph again rapped his cane on the bar,and kept yelling,"How about that yard of beer".Slowly the bartender walked up to Zeph and said,"Stranger,you're annoying me,but I'll try to fill your order". He put a yardstick on the bar,and carefully measured thirty-six inches,he then dipped his finger in a glass of beer and drew it along the top of the bar."Ther's your yard of beer,and now I'll help you to drink it".He reached over the bar and took hold of Zeph's neck,and rubbed his face along the beer mark.The patrons of the saloon were now laughing at Zeph's struggles.Zeph stepped away from the bar, and opened his mouth to say a few nasty remarks to the bartender.He was so angry that he was speechless,and when the bartender saw his mouth opening and closing and no sounds coming out,he thought Zeph was making faces at him,so he jumped over the bar,and threw Zeph out into the street,and deposited him in a puddle of water. As Zeph got up on his hands and knees,a cab drives up,and the cabby says,"Where to Buddy",Zeph was now boiling mad,so he says to the Cabby," Beat it".The Cabby took him at his word,and walloped him on the rear end with his whip,then drove away shaking his head.

A little boy,seeing Zeph on his hands and knees,leaped on his back,stuck his heels in Zeph's ribs,and yelled,"GIDDY-UP,HORSEY ".Now a crowd had collected,And along comes a cop,who yanked Zeph to his feet,and hurried him along to the Pokey.

Cousin Zeph sat in his cell,and tried to re-call the events that led to his being all rumpled up,and thrown in jail.

He then came to the conclusion,that the world was full of nasty people who could'nt take a joke.

But Zeph was wrong,because everyone in the saloon,was laughing their heads off, and a strolling hill-billy was playing his guitar,and singing,

"The Stranger's voice was loud and clear,
All I want,is a yard of beer,"

Grand-Pa

" More Wacky Adventures" Music hath charms

"Herb must of had a hard night",Go on over and see if he needs anything" says Pa.This observation by Pa was caused by the strange moaning sounds coming from the barn.When I got to the barn,I not only saw Uncle Herb,But three bleary-eyed,and seedy looking characters.When I entered,Uncle Herb was raising a likker jug;he took a swig,then blew into the jug,shook his head,then repeated the same motions.When he blew into the jug,the noise was like some long lost soul crying for mercy.By the amount of the empty jugs lying around,it looked like the foursome had been at it all night.He laid his jug down,and says "Robbie,I I want you to meet some friends of mine,we met in a saloon last night,where these three gentlemen,(hic) were making music,and when they found out that my secret ambitition was to play music,they insisted on coming home with me,and giving me an audition,as they were looking for a fourth hand to fill out a quartette".This long speech left him exhausted,so he resumed his search for this new "sound".

Three pair of red-rimmed,bleary eyes looked me over,and one of them says,"We'er known as,"The Pork Pie Trio",And we'ev almost got the sound we need,but,these things take time",I could have added,"and likker".

One had a huge base fiddle,one had a little fiddle,and the other had a wash-board.The one with the base fiddle rapped his knuckles on the fiddle case,and says,"Once again,lets take it from the top".The "music" that came forth was the weirdest I'd ever heard,and hearing a racket outside the barn,I looked through the door.Our mule had jumped the fence,and was now standing behind a tree, and looking towards the barn,with his knees bent,ready for a quick getaway; The cow,which was tied to a stake,was running slowly around,shaking her head, and I could see that Ma,would have no trouble getting butter-milk,Just outside the door,our dog"Rocket" was lying on his back,his feet in the air,in an act of complete surrender.The chickens were running like mad for the security of the hen-coop.

They started to play,what evidently was their theme song," Comin' thru' the Rye" and they played that first line over,and over,"Gin a body,meet a body".That seemed to be the extent of their excersize,and it suddently accured to me,that the words"Gin" and Rye",were taking on a new meaning.Uncle Herb,meanwhile was still asluging and ablowing,and adding to the pile of empties.The leader laid aside his bow,had another swig,and said,"O.K.lets try it again",but I'D just about had it;so I yelled out for Pa.Meanwhile,the leadre had rapped the hay-fork against the barn,stuck the handle on the floor,and listened to the tines vibrate,to get the pitch.

Pa came arunning,he took the sitution in at a glance,tossed them all out on their ears with the pitch-fork,and the last I see of "The Trio",was them high-tailing it down the road towards town.

Pa then surveyed the wreck of the barn,and addressed Uncle Herb,"Why you stupid so and so"He says" You let a few city slikers con you out of a whole weeks supply of likker,now you can go back to the still,and work over-time untill you get our supply back to normal" Uncle Herbwas far away and beyond,Pa's few angry words.With a jug nestled across his bearded chest,he was fast asleep.

Sometimes I used to watch him,when he was filling the jugs,he'd blow into them as if he was chasing out the spiders,and now and then his eyes would brighten up,and once again he was on target with the"Pork Pie Quartette"

Grand-Pa

Wacky Adventures "The lost Tribe"

One day Uncle Herb sent me down to the Sherrif's house with a package of meat and a jug of likker. When OIasked him if there was any message, he just laughed and says, "Just tell him "Goldy Locks sent this".
When I gave the package to "Buck", I asked him what Herb meant by, "Goldy Locks". and he kind of looks up at the sky, and says," Sit here with me, and I' give you the story of "Goldy Locks".

It was a long time ago, your Uncle and me had been working up beyond the Texas Panhandle, and Herb took a job to deliver a covered wagon load of merchandise up through the Utah Territory, and on into the Far West, it was a varied assortmen of general goods, meant for some crazy coot, who intended to open a store. Herb, although he did'nt know the territiry very well, took the job, to fill in the time, untill him and me could meet up with Bill Cody, and Kit Carson who wanted us both to help them in something new, called the "pony Express". We'd figured it would take Herb about two months, then he would join me again, and so, of he goes. Meantime, I stay on as a Peace Officer, in this little town of "Spare Ribs", I wait for Herb to deliver his goods.
Ofcourse, you must remember that your Uncle Herb, was quite a lot different than he is now. In the first place, he was a whole lot younger, and had a crop of golden hair, that fell down over his shoulders, and he was very agile, and was a tough man to tangle with, quick on the draw, and looked very handsome in his buckskins, in fact, he was about as good a companion, that one could wish, but enough of that, lets get back to Herb.
Somerwhere up along the trail, he developes a sever chest congestion, and to make things worse, he gets lost in a snow-storm. He tried to ease the pains in his chest, by tieing two iron skillets, one on his chest, and one on his back, which he heated over his camp-fire, and covered over with his buck-skin jacket, this was a trick he learned from a Chinesse Junk Captain, but that is a story that he'll tell you some other time.
He was standing by his camp-fire, when he felt a thud on his chest, he looked down, and there's an arrow sticking out, as, he turned to look into the brush, there comes another bunch of arrows, and he looks like a porcupine, with arrows sticking out, front and back. The iron skillets, had procted him, but in the morning, he follows a trail, and soon he is in a huge boxed canyon, and right before his eyes, heres a scene, that leaves him stumped. There, in the midst of this wilderness, is a villabge, but instead of tepees, there is about a dozen log cabins.
He rides into the center, and seeing a building, that look larger than the rest, he dismounts, and walks into a very strange sight. Seated on a high chair, and surrendered by a dozen or so, of Indians in white mens clothes, are the strangest looking Indians. In the first place, there's no sign of buckskin, or feathers, or anything that would indicate that they were Indains, and the peculiar thing, was, that all had red hair.
Herb walks up to the man, that evidently was the Cheif, and says, Excuse me, but some of your men were having target practice with me, and I'd like to know what t this is all about. This is supposed to be peacefull territory, and I can't for the life of me, understand why I've been subjected to all this.
The Cheif clapped his hands, and they rest of the Indains file out. Now, the Cheif, says, "I'm indeed sorry, that my young men have subjected you to all this but, all I can say now is "Sorry about that".
The Chief then gave Herb the history of this strange affair, "A long time ago, we were chased from the other tribes, because of our red haur, they said that we were evil spirits, and, untill there came upon us, a white man, who was also discarded by his people, we were living a very poor existtance. He stayed with us a long time, and taught us the ways of the white man, He made us destroy our tepees, and make these log cabins, He taught us many things, before he was taken awayto the great hunting ground, and we kept up the things he taught us, and we were to expect a visit from a strange white man, who would lead us out of here, and find a place where we could be once again, We believe that you, who have tirned aside our arrows, are the man we've been waiting for.

over

The Chief led Herb outside,showed him around the village.I know,said the Cheif, that your'e wondering how all of this came about,well,this white man that started all this,was some kind of a professer who was kicked out of college for his strange ideas,and,with a waggon full of books,papers,pencils,and about everything needed to start a schoolhouse.First of all,instead of being called"The Evil Ones",he gave us the name of "BOOGY WOOGY",and,we went along with him in all the schemes he had to make us a self-sustaining people.He taught us how to plant seed,also when we captured a waggon,to be sure that we chased the people far away from our canyon. We recognized him as a Cheif,and,and he decreed,that no one should leave this place and that each and every one would take a part in making.One of the first things he he did,was to organize a group of our young men,whom he called the "Collecters", He sent them out to cut about fifty head of cattle from a cattle drive,these he had penned up,and that saved us from hunting buffloe,he taught us,while it was all right to steal from others,we should never steal from ourselves.He had us build a school-house,and he taught us the white man's tongue,and,through the years,we had the advantage of his great learning.He had trenches dug from a warm spring,and led the hot water under our log houses,and we were snug and cozy,without having a smelly fire.He also had us build a house for our women to do their laundry,here also he used the hot spring to great advantage.During al of this palaver,the Chief was pointing out the various buildings,he recognized his own waggon being unloaded and all the merchandize getting stashed away,seeing his enquiring look,the Chief says,Thanks for y ou r contribution".Lets go into the school-house,says,the Chief, so in they go.On benches sat a group of kids,all listening to the teacher,who had one bare foot up on her desk,and was saying,"This little pig went to market,this little pig stayed home",and when they tip-toed out from there,the Chief says,here's where you'll live.He opens a door,and Herb was amazed to see a four-poster bed,and a sofa,and several chairs.On atable is a stone jug,and the whole atmosphere speaks of good taste.As the jug contains whiskey,Herb an the Chief settles down,and soon the Chief is calling Herb,"Goldy Locks",and Herb is calling the Chief,CHIEFFY" "Tell me more of this place",says "Goldie",so the Chief relates,as how they've now got about everything they need ,orchards,fields of grain,their own bakery and butcher shop,and everyone is happy,no one wants to leave,and they especially like the idea of helping themselves from the central market,for all the requirements of their daily living.The bulk of the hard work is done by people who didn't make the grade at school,the Professor called these people "Drones".N ow.Goldy,if there's something-on your mind,please feel free to tell me,says the Chief.

"Well now,says Herb,If I'm supposed to lead your people out of here,to a richer life,where will I lead you.in the first place,I think that your people,under your guidance,are doing alright,Now,where could I take you? Shall I take you to Salt Lake City,where the people believe in having two or three wives,shall I lead you St.Louis where they'll be subjected to this new jazz music,and the laughing,that will result in seeing red-headed Indains,No,Chief I think you've got it made,you stay here with your "Booby-Woogies",Give me enough gold to pay for my Mmerchandise my waggon,and my horses,and,believe me I'll never breath a word of your poor"Boogy-Woogies" to anyone.I'd love to stay with you,and I've sure enjoyed your hospitality and,as far as telling anyone about this place,who'd believe me?

So,your Uncle Herb,came back to "Spare Ribs",and,after we'd talked it over,we decided not to tell Bill Cody,or Kit Carson of Herbs adventure with the lost tribe of the "Boogy-Woogies",anyway,WHO'D BELIEVE US.

Grand-Pa

Cousin Zeph,still smarting over the loss of his emergency money,was sitting in a pool-room,brooding,when in walks a smartly dress man,who looked like he might be very wealthy.From his smart hat,to his patent leather shoes,and his beautiful walking stick.He walks over to Cousin Zeph,and taps him on the s shoulder with his cane.Zeph looks up and says,"Hello Slicker".Slicker sits and says,"What's the matter,old buddy,you look like you lost your best friend" Slicker was also known(to his friends,and the police)as "Joe,the Con".Zeph and him had teamed up on several deals in the past.Zeph related his tough luck with the Judge in Paradise,and the Slicker seemed to be very interested."It seems to me,Zeph,that that Judge could be taught a lesson,and at the same time we might recover your money,with a little interest,lets try the "Stick Pin" on him"he says.So far into the night they schemed,and the next morning Zeph arrived in Paradise.

He was now wearing a nice suit of clothes,and had a false mustach,which changed his appearance.Right on the middle of his neck-tie,was a large stick pin,which sparkled,like it had lights all over it.one couldn't help but admire it.He checked into the hotel,told the clerk that he'd be staying a few days,and sat down in the lobby to wait.

The "Judge" strolls in,and,seeing Zeph,says,"Hello Stranger",Welcome to Paradise" After a few pleasant remarks,He says,"That's sure an elegant stick pin you have there,how did you ever get such a beautiful gem".Zeph says,"My dear old Grannie brought it with her from Amsterdam,its been in the family for years,I just wear it for sentiment for my dear old Grannie."A man once offered me $600 for it but I was in a better financial condition than I am now,and I didn't take his offer".Just then,there's a commotion at the desk,and there stands the Slicker writing his name on the register.The Judge walks over,and after a squint at the name slicker had written down,he says "Welcome to Paradise,Mr Brown,I see your'e with Brown andBlack,the jewellers,I do hope your stay in Paradise will be most fruitfull".The Sliker answers,"I'll do my best to make it so".He had a couple of heavy suit-cases hauled up to his room.Meanwhil Zeph continues to read his newspaper,and makes no attempt to recognize Slicker.

In the afternoon,after the Judge had got through with his justice performance he strolls in the hotel,sits down with Zeph,and says,"Stranger,I do admire that stick pin,would you mind if I had it appraised,I see Mr brown in the dining room,I could ask him for his expert opinion",Zeph gives him the stick pin,and says,"Please be carefull with it,my dear old Grannie would be most upset if it got lost."

The slicker,now Mr Brown,is just finishing a huge steak,when the Judge approaches with the stick pin."Excuse me Sir",says the Judge,but as a personal favour I'd like you to give me an appraisal on this gem"."Why certainly"says Mr.Brown,and he screws a little glass in one eye,places the stick pin on a little square of velvet,and making sure that the "Gem" was catching all the lights.He straightens up at last and says,"You8ve got a nice little gem here,it's not worth a great deal of money,I'd say ,around FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS,I'v got a client over in Catsvill,who is looking for just such a piece as this"HEcontinues" I'll tell you what I'll do Judge,I'm going over to see my friend today,and I can offer you TWELVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY for this pin,and that would leave me a small profit for my trouble.

The Judge returns the pin to Zeph,and says,"Mr.Brown says that the pin is worth EIGHT HUNDRED,but,I like you Stranger,and I'll take it off your hands for NINE Hundred cash".

Zeph says,"that's most kind of you,I've to catch the noon bus,so if we can make a deal now I'll let you have it for NINE HUNDRED.

The Judge takes Zephs arm,and hurries him over to the Courthouse,stopping only once,while the Judge kicks a "prisoner" ,who was sweeping the roadway, He opens a large safe,and takes out a shoe-box ful of money,and Zeph sees his ow n emergency roll along with the rest of the money.He counts out NINE HUNDRED DOLLARS,puts the stick pin in the safe,rubs his hands,and says."Well Stranger,we musn't tarry if you're to catch your bus.
At the bus,he shakes Zeph warmly on the hand,and says,You will come and see us again,and always remember,"Welcome to Paradise".
Meanwhile,the sliker is talking to the hotel clerk,I'M going over to Catville, I'll be back in time for supper,should the Judge happe by,tell him to wait for me,and whatever you do,see that my luggage is not disturbed,bye-bye for now".

Outside the town,the Slicker flags down the bus,and slides in the seat with Zeph."You know,old buddy," he says,"That judge was a crook,and its people like that that keeps the poor,poor."
When they open my suit-cases,among the bricks and newspapers,they'll find a note that I left them,it just says,"Welcome to Paradise"
Well,lets divide up the loot,fifty-fifty,and I'll throw in "His Honor'S" watch,which I lifted,while he was giving me the old glad hand,Zeph adds to the pile,the Junge's ring,his fountain pen,and a little wooden hammer
The sliker looks out the window,with a pensive look,and says," I hope we have taught him a lesson,and instead of this "Welcome" bit,in the future he'll make his slogan "Crime dosn't pay".

Grahd-Pa.

I might as well add,that the Slicker also snipped five more "Gems" from the chandallier in his hotel room befor he departed,and with the help of some gold wire,was idly making some more "Stick Pins"

Every once in a while,Uncle Herb would have a surplus of likker.and when that happened.he'd get dressed up,and take a load into town,he had a regular route and with the jugs labled "Cough Syrup",and all covered over with straw in the wagon.On these occasions he'd wear a nice clean checkered shirt,and a set of cuff links,that Cousin Zeph had given him one Christmas,and,being a batchler, he'd to fend off the widows and spinsters,that gave him the "eye".He'd been very successful in this,and most of the oppisite sex had given up trying.
Coming towards the Sheriff's house,he noticed that,as usual,he was sitting on porch,but his face was all swollen,and he looked like he had the miseries.Herb stopped,and says,"What ails you "Buck",but Buck just points to his swollen jaw and shakes his head.Uncle Herb leaves him a jug of likker,pats him on the back and says,"See you next time around".When Herb had driven down the road a piece, Buck spits out the apple he had in his mouth,and says,"It works every time".
This little scene was enacted every time Herb was making deliveries,Buck and Herb were old buddies,and when the revenuers came around,Buck always led them miles away from Herb's still,but to keep things honest between them,this little byeplay was enacted,in case anyone was spying on Buck,to catch him taking a bribe,so now that the Sheriff was home with a "toothach",Herb could make his deliveries free from interference.
It was along towards evening,and Herb having taken a friendly drink with his customers at each stop,was begining to weave a little.His last stop was at a tavern known as"GROGAN'S GULCH",and having transacted his business,he sat down for a last few swigs,before going home.
As usual,he looked around the room,and made a mental check,the table next to him was occupied by a man in a knee lenght black coat,he had his head on the table,and was gently snoring,Herb surmised the man had been to a funereal and was sleeping off his troubles.On a long table,at the other side of the room sat the elders of the town,who seemingly were debating what kind of a band the would hire,some were for bagpipes,some for fife and drum,and,as they were drinking,they were getting louder by the minute.
The bar-maid was trying to get everyone's attention,and was singing"Silver Threads Amongst The Gold",the rest of the tavern was crowded,and,as Herb was now in a nice warm mood,he applauded the singer,and settled down to seriuus drinking.
The bar-maid's name was,"Daisy",a widow,who was just marking time at this job untill she could land another husband.She was fairly good looking,and,finishing her song,she came and sat with Herb,and thanked him for his applause.Herb, who had a jug of his own private stock,invited her to join him in a blast or two.There also was a man taking tintype pictures with a big camera,and the whole scene was one to warm the heart.The talk with Daisy centered round the choice of a band,and when the Mayor called out,"How many here would like the Fife and drum".Uncle Herb stands up and shouts,"I DO",and not to be outdone, Daisy grabs his hand,stands up and shouts"ME TOO! The man in the black coat stands up,and facing Herb and Daisy,Says,"I now pronounce you MAN and WIFE"
The photographer fires his flash powder,fills the room with smoke,and everybody gathers round Herb and Daisy and congratulates them.Then exerybody starts singing "He's a jolly good fellow",while Daisy slips a ring on her finger,and kisses Herb.
After a while they loaded Herb on his wagon,and with Daisy at the reins,and a lot of tin cans tied to the back axel,they finnally arrived at our place, Herb woke up around noon,with Daisy mopping his head with cold water,and he was in quite a bad mood.In the first place,his reccollections of the previous night

over

night were rather hazy,his head was bursting,and the very thought of being married to Daisy was not easy to take.
P and Ma,were quite upset too.Pa mutters,"Another mouth to feed",but Ma put her arms arpund Daisy,and says that it's the best thing that could happen to Uncle Herb.
Along around six o'clock,the minister arrives,and he waves a tintype photo under Herbs nose.On the photo,was Herb and Daisy,holding hands,while the gent in the black coat was also in the photo.
"When I got the word this morning,of your shinanigans at Grogan's Gulch I came out here as fast as I could"He says,I came to prevent you from living in sin, In the first place,that man you took for a man of the cloth,was really an undertakers helper,and what you,in your stuper thought he was saying,"I now pronounce you man and wife" What he really said was,"I denounce the DRUM and FIFE"
Now Herbert,if you really wish to be joined in matrimony with this jezabel I will,of course be glad to perform the serimony,I said HERBERT,now where has that man run off to.
But Herb was long gone ,I looked towards the hills,but all I could see was a cloud of dust in the distance.
Once,when I started to whistle,"He's a jolly good fellow",Herb laid his jug down,and says,"I never did care about that song"

Grand-Pa.

" Wacky Adventures "

A Night in Paradise

Cousin Zeph was not what you'd call a bad man,a trifle wayward perhaps,but on the whole,a gentleman of leisure;he was not very fond of work,and just wandered around the country,seeking adventure.This story of Zeph which I will relate to you concerns a night he spent in a town called Paradise.

The railroad "Dick" helped Zeph off the train,with a belt on the ribs with a base-ball bat,and Zeph slowly walked to the nearest town.He paused to read a sign,which said,"Welcome to Paradise,the city of brotherly love".It was raining,and cold,and Zeph felt miserable.He walked up one side of the main street and down the other.There was not one light showing in the whole town,and,to get out of the rain,Zeph stopped in a doorway.As he leaned against the door, it slowly creaked open,and he found himself in some sort of a warehouse,it was better than being out in the rain.

After he got used to the dim light,he looked around,and read a banner,which read,"You are now in Paradise.On further investigation,he found a table,and here he drew in his breath sharply,and let out a whistle.On this table was a pile of bills,the like of which he'd never in his wildest dreams ever saw. Heaped high on the table was bills of every denomation,and without losing time he quickly filled his pockets,He still was not making much impression on the pile,so he tied the bottom of his trousers,and crammed them full,both front and bavk.He then opened his shirt,and filled that full too,even down his sleevs. He didn't feel the cold now,instead,a warm glow filled him to over-flowing.

He edged over to the door,and after a quick look outside,he made haste for the edge of town.Passing an alley,a hand shot out and grabbed him by the neck,and a voice says,"going some place buddy".He found himself being assisted down the street by two policemen,and ended up in a jail cell.The Cops had been kind of rough in handling,with the result,that all his new found money was flying all over town,the door of his cell slammed shut,and he started to take stock of the situation.

He was quite shaken up when he surveyed his cell.The bed was a couple of two-by-fours covered with chicken wire,no blankets,and for a pillow there was a piece of iron sewer pipe.All of this made him angry,and he started kicking on the steel door and made such a racket,that the jailer came in.The jailer was a little old lady,with a kind face,and she inquired,"Something bothering you Sonny",being a little taken aback,Zeph said,"Well,yes,that pillow don't look too comfortable to me".She smiled,and said,"There's smme straw in the corner, just fill up the pipe with that,it's really the cleaning woman's fault,she's always in a hurry.I see that you've scuffed all your shoes with your kicking, please remove them,and give them to me,and I'll see that they get cleaned." Zeph sheepishly took off his shoes,and as she reached through the bars with one hand and got the shoes,she doubled up her fist,and gave Zeph a solid punch on the nose,she then says," the City of Paradise bids you welcome,if you feel like kicking the door again,why,you just go ahead,you'll find that your bed is free of vermin,and that your pillow won't bunch or creep up,while we'er not perfect in Paradise,we do our best,Good-night".

In the morning he was hustled out,and told to take his clothes off and get ready for his bath.He was then stood up by a wall,and two Cops took turns at throwing pails of cold water on him,they then gave him a potatoe sack,and told him to get dried up,and ready for breakfast,Breakfast consisted of two slices of stale bread,with a glass of water to dip it in,and Zeph was slowly working up a real dander.

Next thing he knew,he was in court.The place was crowded,and everyone seemed to think it was some kind of a carnival,they were laughing and carrying on,and Zeph tried a smile,but without much success.

The Judge then entered,and everyone stood up,and shouted,"Hail,Hail,thou Judge in Paradise." The Judge was a roly-poly sort of man,with a nice smile,and as he looked over a paper on his desk,he tapped a little hammer,and says,"let's get on with this justice thing"

"The people versus one,Zeph Dolittle,charged with a number of things that will come out during the trial,the main charge is Vagrancy,your Honer".So said a man who appeared to be the Bailiff.
The Judge gave Zeph a nice warm smile,which seemed to be his trade-mark,he then said,"Zeph,you were found by two of our officers wandering through the City of Paradise,without any visible means of support,you were lodged in our detention quarters,now,Zeph,what brought you here" Zeph says,"Them two Cops" and the Judge says,"Drunk,I suppose",and Zeph says,"Ya,both of them".
The Judge then frowned a little,and says," You're evidently very hard to please, it says here,that you objected to your incarceration,you objected to your bed and board,and was using foul langauge,and kicking public property,all of which will never be tolerated in our fair city."
" Can I say something,"Says,Zeph,The Judge says,"By all means,proceed".Now, was the moment Zeph was waiting for,he'd show this bunch of rubes,that he was quite able to defend himself,so,he stands up,puts one hand in the arm-hole of his vest,the other hand raised aloft,and in a loud voice,began his defense.
" you have dared to lay hands on a peaceful American Citizen,You have thrown me in your so-called jail,you have offered me a bed to sleep in,that was lumpy to say the least,you have offered me bread that the dogs in the street would spurn,and now,to all of this you call me a vagrant".He paused and tore aside the lining of his coat,and came out with a roll of bills,that he always carried for an emergency."Now",he says,"Does this look like I'M a vagrant,does vagrants carry this kind of money,it looks like the Court ows me an apolidgy".The Judge says,"Get that roll and count it",and the Bailiff counts out Zeph's money.
Your Honor,he says,There's Two Hundred and Fifty Bucks and Twenty Cents here"
The Judge,with one eye on the roll of bills says,"Zeph Dolittle,it would seem at first glance,that you had been wronged,and I'm indeed sorry that you have been subjected to scorn,but this Court has an oblidgation to the people of Paradise,it costs money to keep up a jail,to bath and feed prisoners,and then you insulted our duly appointed officers,by saying that they were under the influence of strong drink,I hereby sentance you to a fine of Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars,the twenty cents left will pay your fare to the next town,and as a furthur service,my officers will escort you to the bus"
The people then stood up and sang ,"Hail to our noble Judge",and the Judge left the courtroom,clutching Zeph's roll.
On the bus,the bus-driver says,"Some folk have all the luck,here you spend a night in Paradise,and I've got to drive right through"
Zeph says,"Driver,attend to your driving,and if by any chance we come to a town called "Misery",please let me off."

As a postscript,I might add,that the ware-house where Zeph found all that money,was a place where the Paradise Chamber of Commerce had all the phoney money that was left over from a "Spend a Day In Paradise" event,that had taken place to boost the virtues of Paradise

Grand-Pa

But, don't worry kids, Zeph gets even with the Judge in the next chapter!

CATS CATS CATS

Wrote to Wilma, Gonna be in your town,
Delighted to have you come on down.
I'll be working till around four,
But Howard will be home to answer the door.

Smiling, Howard said I'll take your hat,
Ah, don't step back or you'll step on a cat.
Don't sit there, that's Big Kitty's chair,
And Teddy sits on the back, up there.

After finishg a tasty dinner of steak,
Wilma layed on the couch to take a wee break.
Howard leaned back and emitted a snore,
When a terrible scratching came from the door!

Wilma said,"Howard, the front door it's Gwendolyn,
You see that's the only door she'll come in.
While Teddy goes out the front but in the back.
I remembered the time we put the cats feet in a sack!

Wilma, it's your turn to let Teddy in the house,
Sometimes he gets lucky and brings her a mouse.
Oh, Howard, put Big Kitty out, she has a fur ball,
Hurry up or she'll drop the ball in the hall.

Well, the cats are all in and it's eleven o'clock
Howard's made sure the doors are all locked .
Shut your door or the cats jump on your bed,
We hopped in quick and covered our head.

Now they've retired and down to one cat,
They ll sit on their butts and surely grow fat.
Unless this is the cat that goes out the front and in the back
In which case they'll never find time to relax.

" SMOKE "

I swept my eyes across to Maryland,
My thoughts raced with the breezes as they fanned;
The wisps of smoke,from cotters' chimneys high;
To where; I wondered,did their travels lie.

Would they streak past those Allegany Hills?
Would they traverse the rivers and the rills ?
Would they,ere morning,with a gentle kiss;
Tell You,that they had seen those arms You miss ?

Or would they melt in currents by the sea,
Where spray and fog together jostle merrily;
Oh,Sweetheart mine,There's mucic in the air;
I have conversed with thee,I've kissed your hair.

"LOVE HUNGER "

Virginia's mountains,gleaming white with snow,
And timbers in the valley here below;
Are worth the journey of these many miles,
But Sweetheart; I would trade them for your smiles.

I've walked down paths,where crinolines have swept,
I've stood where Robert Lee's men softly wept
Where song-birds in the branches,sing in bliss;
But nothing can compare,with your sweet kiss.

To-day, I watshed,with envy, every lover's walk,
And listened to their bantering,baby-talk;
While all the while,this hungry heart of mine,
Was CALLING,-CALLING,-CALLING thine.

" GLEN ECHO "

I've stolen away from the mad haunts of men,
From the hurry and bustle of life;
Ad,here as I pause,in this heavenly glen,
I write to you,best friend,-wife.

There's a freshness that came with the morning rain,
There's still glistening drops on the trees;
There's a soul-clensing balm,that vanquishes pain,
From a lone,lonely heart,seeking ease.
But,I'll step lighter now,maybe whistle a bar,
Of somesong,that fond memories bring,
And though many miles,keep us parted afar;
In your ears the echo might ring.
In this glen,many lovers have walked in the shade,
While the oaks gently swayed in the breeze;
And told of their love,in this beautiful glade,

There's evidence here;in the brook;in the trees
In fancy I've held You to-day in my arms,
Kissed your hair,your cheeks,and your eyes;
Whispered," I love you ",'till all of your charms;
Again answered, "Love never dies ".

" MEMORIES "

As I sit all alone, by the banks o' the Clyde,
Disturbed not by wild wintery weather;
I think of the time, when we stood side by side,
And you gave me this sprig o' white heather.

'Tis worn and faded, by travel now,
But still I caress it with care;
For tho' it's petals no perfume endow,
It brings back fond memories so rare.

Memories which mingle, laughter and tears,
'Till it seems we are once more together;
Then, like a fiend, on comes the rain,
And we part, YOU, I, and the heather.

" A METAPHORIC TALE "

An Indain Cheif, on desert plains, I roam,
Hunting, fishing, my life's one big treat;
I'll tell you, white girl, how I strayed from home,
Though, wandering in the desert's indescrete.

One day, I left my shack with stern face,
My squaw flowed tears when I was gone;
But then, that course that's natural to our race;
She knew I would return, the days went on.

Many moons had passed, and I was dying,
Out on a plain of ever-shifting sand
I wearied for my squaw, and ever sighing;
I turned, and made for my own native land.

As thro' the brush, she saw this stranger come,
She welcomed me, my heart went beating so;
I too, was glad, I never hoped, I thought she'd run,
But no, She kissed my lips, her love to show.

" LETS "

LetS take a little survey of the lpace we'v left behind,
Lets gaze at all the splendour,that each moment cheers our mind;
Lets pause beside the bridge,where our love was oftimes spoken,
Lets not forget that corner,where you gave me that dear token.
Lets pause and watch the sunset,o'er the lake so gold bespangled,
Lets watch the star-lit waters,where our thoughts so often wrangled
Lets worry not,as we oftimes did,especially when we parted,
Lets think not,though you did'nt know,you left me broken hearted
Lets wander on,'tis different now,we understand each other;
Lets not forget,you cared for me,and loved me as a brother.
But lets forget those moments,when I made you dear heart whirl;
Lets trust each other fully,my own,my dearest girl.

My thoughts on you will constant dwell
I n realms above we'll ever be;
N eath city towers or country dell,
N o matter where, I am with thee
I n dreams the myth I e're persue;
E verywhere,anywhere,--always YOU

The Exile's Return

Ye auld River Clyde,haud your airms oot wide,
Welcome me back,for I'm anxious tae see
The scenes o' ma boy-hood,where oft dwells ma pride
Gie me your nieve,let's sit by yon Rowan tree
An'though ye don't ken me,nor yet know ma name
Jist welcome this wee wandering laddie back hame.

It's mony a year since I left your fair shore,
An' sair wis ma hert,for I left on the pier,
The light o' ma life,memories still I adore
That tear-dimmed vision,I'll always hold dear
But,I won't burden you,wi' nae troubles or shame
Jist welcome this wee wandering laddie back hame.

To see wance again the foam-speckled Cauther roll by,
And dook in the basin,by yon water-fall
Or gether wild floors,for ma mither tae tie,
On the wee lassie's hied,and the breest o' her doll
Ma hair is noo white,an' I'm a wee bit lame
I'ts nice of ye tae welcome this wee laddie hame.

Aye,hame again,to re-live the days o' the past,
Faur awa' frae praries,cyclones and floods
Where trees reach the sky,and long shadows cast
I'ts faur better tae watch the stoats chowin' cuds
Jist a few scenes like that,is the reason I came
So,welcome this wee wandering laddie back hame.

Say that I'm welcome tae the purrich an' brose
Let me sniff once again the steam frae the kale
Or a big steaming dumplin' that tickles yer nose
And to wander aboot in a heather-clad dale
But though in ma trevels I was crowned not wi' fame
I'ts grand tae stop travelling;it's nice tae be hame.

Noo,I'm toddlin' doon the brae,bit the years have been kind
Ye maunnie mind ma havers,dinna fash yer curly heid,
A' the stories that ye hear,of bye-ways gold-dust lined
An'vivid market-places,they'r just stories,yes indeed
Right here is where the gold is;Scotland,-Celtic Dame
Wrap me in yer plaidie ;Your wandering laddie's hame.

B.T. Smith

" MEDITATION "

A time for meditation;-a time to look around,
This dull,dark day,when winter's loth to leave;
A time to count our blessings,and listen to the sound,
Of chirping robins,or frisky squirells;and their constant peeve.

How quiet it really is!,with the music turned down low,
And the strains of an old-time melody,falls easy on the ear;
So,I'll let my mind just wander;kind of drift to and fro,
O'er the years now gone,What shall win;a smile; a tear?

I'ts an entertaining thought,kind of excercises the mind,
When you deal with human failings,you're really reaching out;
Especially when you search your soul,to see just what you'll find,
But,it's worth a try;it'll pass the time,and put the blues to rout.

There were many,oh,so many times,when things were rough,
And yet,I can't recall when hunger struck;I kept our larder full;
Maybe not with fancy stuff,(That's when we laughed a lot);-it wasn't tough,
Little luxeries,like a cone for the kids,and flowers for Ma,was the rule.

It's so easy not to dwell,on the awkward side of life,
But the pleasant things,out-weighs the grief;-and some tears;
No matter how we won through,I'll confess it was my wife,
With a knowing smile,a gentle pat,who pulled us through the years.

But I keep on wondering,if we'ed be happier,had I been rich,
And showered us allwith the best of the worldly goods;
Probably not;because we grew up close-nit,and happy in our nich,
And shared alike,with what we had;-our ventures and our moods.

We took time out,to lend a hand,for others,when we could,
And made many friends;-we were never ones to hate;
The children gained from this,our creed,never noisy,never rude
Not too many quarells;-it's been a good life to relate.

Well,! what have I accomplished,with this loosening of the mind,?
This turning o'er of trivial things;-nothing seemed too big;
But,I must agree,I've passed the time,if I didn't seem to find,
Something to torture myself with;self-pity,? a playfull dig,?

Dad.

The miners of the Saginaw Valley "Sat down" in the State Capital
To lobby for a bill that would have State Institutions use Mich.coal
This is a record of that.

"Heroes All" 6)

No blaring bands to greet them,no Mayor with golden key,
As,one thousand strong,they march along,to banish poverty;
No pretty dolled-up speaches,no flowers or garlands rare,
Cast at those feet,who's steady beat,fell on that cold gray stair

Each window framed with wondering eyes,beneath the massive dome,
That seemed to sneer,that seemed to jeer,on hapless folks from home,
And at each corner of the hall,with poker faces set,
Were men in blue,with naught to do,but watch those miners fret.

The miners told their story,how they left their loved ones dear,
And come what may,were here to stay,if it took them all a year;
The sky a ceiling for their room,the cold damp lawn their beds;
While sullen cries,and angry eyes,were cast upon their heads.

The war lords pasued to ponder,"You'll disgrace our noble State,
"Your aged and old,will die of cold,the hour is getting late;
We've searched this town,from end to end,the morgue is empty now,
Go sleep out there,the floors are bare,it's all we can allow"

Then spoke a miner's chieftain,and his voice was cold and hard,
"We may see red,but we're not dead,there's one place left unbarred;
We've cast our dimes,to raise this place,and now we make it clear
These precious rugs,are free from bugs,we're boing to camp right here.

They laid their blankets on the floor,and settled down to stay,
While some found rest,and made a nest,in Senate chai rs so gay;
And soon the bright lights dimmed,on a scene that cheers the heart,
While hundreds ten,of honest men,relaxed,and played their part.

So like a field of battle, with the dead strewn oe'r the floor
That one could feel,a silen ce real,an armistice,and more;
The Speaker's chair held my gaze,ther on that sacred throne,
A miner slept,and vigil kept,on assembly hushed in tone.

They slept 'neath gorgous chandliers,and costly tinted glass,
And echoes poured,as on they snored,a peaceful,faithful mass;
But through the night,I chanced to peek from my pallet 'neath the sill,
And lo,they rose from their repose,to introduce a bill.

The "Speaker" laid his corn -cob down,and looked arround the ~~reem~~ hall,
And 'neath his vest,jis hairy chest,seemed to rise and fall;
"The 'Senator' from Randall mine arose and spit his chew,
"This bill here,it calls for beer"he said,"But I'm not through"

" I want you men to understand,my bill will give,with grace,
Two quarts of brew,to all of you,delivered to the face;"
"But what the heck,I will object"said a voice,and all was still
Two thousand eyes,like cherry pies,blazed forth,intent to kill.

The quivering voice continued,"Say boys,now dont get rough
In black and white,the bill's alright,but it aint got teeth enough
You dont protect the loader,he's the guy that needs the beer,
And if we must,the day-men trust,the whole damn thing looks queer.

"I can't imajine motor-men,and pushers,and the like,
Delivering suds,while chewing cuds,by cracky,it aint right"
A hush fell o'er the muttering mass,the truth was hard to hide;
A stifled cry,a long deep sigh;they lay down side by side.

Again the lofty ceiling,echoed to ten hundred snores,
As heroes should,two cops there stood beside those massive doors,
The people of our Commonwealth,these incidents should pen,
For one brief spell,the Capital,was manned by honest men.

B F Scott

" THE SADDLE TRAMP "

'Twas the close of the day in the bunk-house,there at the Lazy Tee,
They'd just been paid their thirty bucks,that's everyone,but me;
It was my first day;-with twenty-nine more to go,
I turned away,from their laughter gay,and the clinkof their hard earned dough.

For,it's no great joke,when you're flat broke,and miles away from home,
And,sounds in the night,tell of your plight;you,with the urge to roam;
It's not quite enough,to think you're tough,and ,that you'll get bye for sure,
'Cause they're leaving for town,and this gets you down,oh,the misery of being poor.

They've picked off the burrs,and put on their spurs,-I don't even know their names,
But they canter away,to get rid of their pay,on whiskey,and beer,and dames;
With foot-steps light,they'll dance all night,and holler,and whoop it up,
Then back at dawn,with their pay half gone,but me;no,never a sup.

It's kind of strange,out here on the range,under the Texas moon,
As a pebble you kick,and,your heart is sick,and you hear the call of a loon;
And a coyote yelps,as she hustles her whelps,and a wounded rabbit's cry,
As she seeks a hole,she's a kindred soul,like me,gettin'ready to die.

Off in the distance,a beeve has called,'cause a new-born calf has just been mauled,
and,the couger,with crimson drippin' jaws,stifles a yawn,and licks his paws;
the prarie dog,with a futile leap,just misses the jab,of the horned owls beak,
These friends of mine,some rum,some dine,the safest place seems,in the creek,

But then,who knows how the trout will feel,when placed in poke,or waddie's creel,
Even the bull-frog hears Death's clang,as he tries to dodge the rattler's fang;
So,-I'm not alone,be it hook,or gun;nobody's safe 'neath moon,or sun,
Misery loves company,so they say;I'M blessed here-with by night and day.

These were my thoughts,under moon so bright;-the magic of a Texas night,
I threw my bed-roll on my bunk,and said,Oh,Lord,I'Msuch a skunk,
For upon my blanket lay,-a pile of bills;in dis-array
And,silver too,halfs and dimes;-anote that says,"Here's to better times",

This did those cow-pokes,show to me;-a stranger,on the go,
Under every cloud,a silver lining beams;so true,to me,it always seems;
Whenever I'm in grievious doubt;I'M always the very first to shout,
"Here,stranger,take my hand,I wish you well,in this,our land.

When I think of all the thinghs I've said,as I lie here sleepless on my bed,
And gaze up to the rafters bare,they've shown to me,they've love to spare;
They've given freely of their pelf,to a stranger,feeling sorry for himself
Part of their hearts,they've given too,a gesture that's old,yet ever new.

As I holster my gun,for the morning's ride,I tighten my girth,and look with pride
On this rugged,rim-rocked,motley crew,side by side,thro' the morning dew;
A-swearin',a-cussin',a-yelling,at beeves,yet wearing bright red hearts on their sleeves
Yet,gently,yea softly,they sing in camp,to gladden the heart;of a saddle tramp.

Grand-Pa.

"TO THE MINERS OF THE SAGINAW VALLEY "

Have you dug coal,with your heart and soul,
In a seam just two feet two,
With the top so bad,that it made you mad;
And made your life feel blue?
Have you spent days,in the kind of a daze,
That comes,when your room is wet,
And you miss your turn,and your lamp won't burn,
And your body is bathed in sweat.

Has it been your luck,to roll in muck,
And rap your knuckles sore,
Has your spirits sank,when you turned the crank,
And your drill has broke once more?
Have you counted your pay,at the end of the day,
And still have the guts to smile?
Though you're short on wealth,have you told yourself,
It's only just for a while?

If you've read these lines,of the Michigan mines,
And a song to your heart they've brought;
Then my work is done,it's been great fun,
For your would-be bard BOB SCOTT

" THE CYNIC "

There's a strange hold on miners,That makes them love the mines,
That bids them keep on working,where the bright sun never shines,
They're like soldiers,born to grumble,and complain about their chores;
But,though chained not to their labors,seek not another shore.

They'll work with water dripping,on their backs,the whole day long,
They'll work while creaking timbers,warn them of Death's sad song;
They'll suffer untold hardships,that to others must seem crude,
But they just grin,and work and swear,according to their mood.

Is there magic in this drawing power,that binds them to their task,
Is there rich reward,that bids them fight,while others gently bask?
Th ese things,I will answer,though it took me many years,
To solve the problemof these men,who thrive on grief and tears.

You see,my friends,I've travelled some,and worked in field and shop,
Where molten metal,poured by hand,made sweat from eyelids drop,
I've swung suspended in the air,to paint tall spires and signs,
I've worked for many a master,and came back to these coal mines.

I've worked all day in broiling heat,and braved the winter's blast,
And carried bricks and morter,'till my back seemed plaster cast;
I've pushed an Irish go-cart,ona plank,five stories high,
Then dragged my weary legs along,to find a place to die.

Yes,my friends,the coal mines are,a place where grim wise men,
Find ease and comfort in their work,under Labor's pen;
If there's anything more simple,than the art of digging coal,
I have yet to see it;-BUT YOU MUSN'T TELL A SOUL .

" YOUTH "

They were gathered from all corners,to discuss our mutual woes,
From far of Nova-Scotia,that land of ice and snows;
To sunny southern Texas,where the red-ribbed deserts flare;
From north and south,and east and west,they came from everywhere.

The topic of the day,was that grim fanatic cry,
"Our brothers must have work,or else they starve,and die,
And many were the spokemen who cursed the vile machines,
That drove their brothers to the streets,and crushed their dreams.

They spoke,with hands uplifted,to the gods to see their plight,
And swayed the whole assembly,to the cause they thought was right,
"The machines must go,and miners all,return to bygone days,
Where swinging picks,and pushing loads,were things to praise.

Then,head held high,a young man strode,up to the micraphone,
To me,he looked like fighting stuff;his first words,brought a groan;
" You may call me a fool",he said,"But you fill my heart with shame,
To think that intellectual men,should sully our great name".

" Why destroy these gifts of God,thru some inventive mind,
Why pour misery on our backs,my brothers,are you blind?
When first they printed bibles,the mobs destroyed the press,
But they still sell in millions,or do I miss my guess"

He paused,and then continued,"Brothers hear my plea,
The course to take,in this sad plight,is not to dis=agree,
Let's welcome this machine age;I don't want to slave,
Nor do I care to share the blame,of making someones grave.

There's another way to lend a hand,to the miner in the street,
It's called Unemployment Insurance,and it's got your system beat;
Just tax the men who own machines,that take the place of men,
Have ye not heard,the sword is not mightier than the pen.

"YES,go ye forth,and fashion laws,where Social Justice rules,
Go blaze the trail on highways,in our churches,in our schools;
But never turn the the hands of time to so-called "good old days",
We young men will resent it,Let's advance our banner says."

" WAITING "

There comes a time,near close of day,when silence is the rule,
All thru the mine,no sound comes forth,the very air seems cool;
Each miner sits there waiting,pondering what the day has brought,
As patiently he waits,for that first announcing shot.

The silence is uncanny,no grind of steel on steel,
No screeching frmm the trolly wire,no sound of chain on reel;
And little voices,of't unheeded,in the passsing of the day,
Steal forth,to ears that're strained to catch,sounds,a mile away.

There's the hissing of a gas jet,the gurgling of the sap,
That's been imprisoned in the coal;a billion year long nap;
There's the creaking of the timbers,the settling of the coal,
All seem to be protesting,to this great big human mole.

The human mole,that burrows deep,and steals fr om nature's store,
That folks may live in comfort,from the efforts of his chore;
Heeds not,these little voices,from a dim forgotten past,
His patience almost exhausted,he hears a shot at last.

A husky cry of "Fire",the spluttering of a fuse,
A scramble out to safety;there's not much time to lose;
He grabs his coat,and dinner-pail,and hurries on his way,
The barrage of shots salute,the end of another day.

The coal-kings were in conference,that lovely April day,
There was weeping,there was wailing,'cause the miners asked more pay;
All were determined,that they would'nt pay the score,
And now the mines were closing dow,,goodness how they swore.

Then the chairman stopped his bleating,with a fierce light in his eye,
He rose,and said,"I've got it boys,i'ts just like eating pie;
No more will be dependant be,or argue all day long,
"I've got a sceme that can't be beat,I think I'll sing a song"

"I've been reading in the papers,that in China,o'er the sea,
They've got ten million coolies,that will die of poverty;
And my train of thoughts got busy,and what makes my sceme so nice,
Is all you've got to do,is to feed them just plain rice."

"Let's send and get some Coolies;leave the miners in the lurch,"
We'll get our rice by sweeping off,the front steps of the church;"
With that,he sat down beaming,with his thumbs stuck in his vest,
And bowed a dozen times or more,to the plaudits of the rest.

They sent and got a boatload of the Chinamen that night,
They came in bright kimonas,ay,they were a pretty sight;
Their pig-tails nicely pleated,and their sleeves,a good yard wide,
With paper lanterns in their hands,it looked like suicide.

They watched the mine-boss cooking rice,a shovel in his hand,
And then they packed their grips,to return to China-land;
But our scheming friend,the chairman,in a hurry got a call,
To come and straighten out the mess,you should see him hit the ball.

But he couldn't satisfy them,though he pleaded half a day,
For the Chinamen all cried,"No like cookie lice lat way";
So in sadness he returned,to his cronies with his tale,
And in broken-hearted sobs he said"I fail,I fail I fail.

Then out came all their hankies,and they cried til they were sore,
And when they got composed,they said"Do tell us some more";
Between the sniffs,he rose again,and faced them through the haze,
He said," I guess we better give,our miner boys that raise.

"I saw that Chink committee,they had hatchets,they had knives,
And they swore to kill us all,our children,and our wives;
They swore to dis-embowel us,you know that is'nt nice,
But worse of all,they wanted,an egg in every pot of rice.

"Well boys,I just could'nt do it,you know that eggs are high,
And to feed that bunch of Coolies,many eggs we'ed have to buy;
I may as well admit it,that my train of thoughts was slow,
I'ts been flagged down at some crossing,"then he rose to go.

So now you know the inside dope,on that raise we got last fall,year,
And when we started up,how the wash-house smelled so queer;
That's why we almost went to war,to fight the Chinks out west,
They didn't starve us out,but they surely did their best.

" A SPRIG O' HEATHER "

'Twas only yesterday,I sadly left You here,
My heart so full,I couldn't shed a tear;
So,I've come back alone,my future for to pave,
And steal a sprig of heather from your grave.

But,how about my future,now you're gone,
And all the things we'ed plannedour hopes upon;
I'm at a lossto-day,the grief is hard to bare,
I need your council now,our secrets for to share.

Shall I then carry on,as we had planned,
And scour the byways of this great land;
To soak in all the beauty of a water-fall,
Or stand in wonder,midst the timbers tall.

I know that y ou'll be with me,all the way,
Just as we'ed planned,-but that was yesterday;
To-day,-I wonder,shall I miss your lips,
Or the thrill of magic in your finger-tips.

Please stay close by,with your hand to guide,
My every effort,and let me look with pride;
Back to the happy days,we spent to-gether,
If I but falter once,take back your heather.

When we pledged our troth,and you gave to me,
A sprig of heather,for all the world to see;
And,like all Scots,we treasure things we love,
So,from now on,my dear,keep watch above

Bob.

" A SUMMER DAY "

I came to adjust the flowers on your grave,
And lingered a little longer,indeed,'twas hard to leave;
Because,two years ago to-day,when Fortune's favour gave,
The sweetness of her smile to us,I try now to retrieve.

To retrieve the pleasant memories of that day,
Thro' forests splendid,in the summer's glistening glare;
We stopped awhile;to listen to a song-birds lay,
And watch the ripples on a stream;devoid of care.

It seemed that all the universe stood pleasantly still,
As,hand in hand,enraptured with this georgous scene;
And worldy cares just flew away,in a moment,-untill
We feared we'ed wake up;and find it all a dream.

To try and relive that day,I journeyed once again,
And stood in that same place,'mid summer sun;
I watched the rippled stream,yet,I didn't seem to gain,
The same enraptured gift that we once had;instead,the urge to run.

Yet;everything was just the same;that sweet song from a tree,
The gentle ripple of the stream;-'twas hard to understand;
How things could change that day,for You and me,
****** Untill I groped around,-to touch your hand.

Bob.

" WHY "

When your'e dead;your'e dead;this then is the end,
That's what people tell me;the rest is all pretend
So,if that's so,why,ohwhy,must I continue to see,
The evidence of your prescence here,confusing me.

Why do I stand in the rain above your resting place?
Is it just because I'm lonely,and yearn to see your face ?
Or,do you bid me come,'cause your'e so lonely too,?
Why do I feel uplifted there,for being close to you.

To your window the birds still come,they seem to know,
Though your'e absent from the garden,you really didn't go,
And soon the door will open,and you'll step outside,
To kneel again amongst your flowers with love and pride.

And,in the night,when I lay awake,and hear you sigh,
I reach my arm across to comfort you,and wonder why,
Why did I wake,? Was that really your hand that stroked my hair ?
And pulled the covers up with such loving care.

Your prescence here is evidenced in so many things,
From the nodding snapdragons,to the bluebell's silent rings;
And your shuffling foot-steps,as you scurry to and fro
Heard only by me,in the dead of night,is all I need to know

Bob.

" A LETTER TO MINNIE " (S.S. SATURNIA, En Route to America)

And so it is "Goodbye " again, it seems that's all its been,
Since first we met, to meet and part, is like a dream;
A dream, that somehow rambles on, and never seems to end;
But end it must; and only YOU and I can see around the bend.

As I gripped the rail, and watched your form receed,
My knuckles white, my aching heart would like again to plead,
That this must surely be the end to this " Hello - Goodbye;
In this new strange land, I'll find a place of rest, for YOU and I,.

And You will come to me, as you promised me last night,
And we'll face the world together, and keep our memories bright;
If we have to fight, then let it be, that we'll fight side by side,
With love such as ours, who could dare to stem the tide.

In my cabin, as I write to You, I peek thro' the porthole, and see,
Perhaps my last look at Scotland, who can tell what futures be?
The hills slide past, the're shrouded in a mist of blue,
I close my eyes;- they're gone; all that's left is You.

And so, fresh in my momery I'll keep, that picture in a bright red coat,
Those wisps of hair; that smiling face; and other things I note,
Whatever Fate may bring me, in this strange land where I'm bound,
"The girl I left behind me ", will share the pleasures that I've found.

"THE MEETING"

In day-dreams now,I thii nk of how we met,
I see again that cheery servant's hall,
The table with its humble breakfast set;
A busy scene it seems,I wonder at it all

As one by one the maids come trooping in ,
Each one full pretty,as simple beauties go,
And soon I'm used to prying eyes and din;
They'r scurtinising me,full well I know.

Again I make my rash and vengful vow,
No pretty eyes for me,no,dark or fair;
Yet somehow,there seems one my thoughts endow,
I fear to lift my eyes,perchance I'd stare.

And through the day I long to see again,
To see once more those long lashed orbs of brown;
To hear her speak,'minds one of gorse and fen;
Yet not a queen for me to crown.

I musn't let my thoughts dwell on that lass,
Why, maybe she's the pride of some fair lad;
I know she's miles above my wayward class
To hope of pure platonic love,I'd be a cad.

I try to laugh it off,"They'r all the same,
They only please the eye,just for a while;
I must apease my thoughts in friendship's name
But circumstances proved Fates provoking style

" THE FAIRIES DANCE "

Last night I lived where the fairies dwell,
'Way out in the woods,midst a flowery dell;
Pixies and elves and brownies were there,
Freeing the world from trouble and care.

Their trumpets blazed forth with melodious chime,
And from a tree-top,smiled Old Father Time;
His freckled old face was gay and blyth,
With a handfull of bluebells he wiped his scyth.

Then silence;mid lights of varied colored hue,
Comes tripping in state,in her garment of blue;
The Queen of the Fairies;my heart gives a leap,
I want her alone,oh!,I want her to keep.

Dark are her eyes,nut-brown seems her hair,
But the smile on her features,who dares to compare ?
Who dares to smile back ? not a Brownie or Elf,
Can compete for that splendour;not one,--but myself.

"MY CHOICE OF A FLOWER "

Wandering listlessly thro' Lifes garden of flowers,
Choosing a bouquet of friends,kind and true;
I pluck here and there,some are spoiled by showers,
Showers of conceit;these I dolefully rue.

Gay poppies I fancy,but how quick they fade,
When once they are smitten with the dauntless sun;
And so,they are friends of a doubtfull grade,
Leaving me stranded,and rejoice in the fun

I pluck a rose,a red on 'tis true,it charmes me for a while
But my fingers (I'd fain say my heart) are cut by a thorn;
And I find my friend,wickedly proud and beguil,
So I cast it aside,with contempt and scorn.

I survey what is left,there is only but one,
A lily,snow-white,and moist with the dew;
To find others the same,I find can't be done,
That lily,my dearest is YOU.

Only one left,of my friends,whom I thought,
Could bring solace and gladness to me;
Yet happy am I though my bouquet is naught;
But a sprig of sweetness,*--'tis THEE.

"G O O D N I G H T "

See yonder thro' the gathering mountain mist,
The splendours of the hill-tops,ribbed with fire,
The speckled plains ; no poet could resist,
This call of Nature,to strike aloud his lyre;
Ah!,what is this,that dares to thwart our view?
Who can it be,-so lonely and forelorn,
His very face,bears traces that to us is new,
Yet,lingering on his lips,is a smile new-born;

Why does he pause to scan the mountain top?
And smile,though somber is the view;
Surely he will turn,ere the sun will drop,
When darkness falls,such folly he will rue;
But no,he stays,as if to peirce right past,
those heath-clad sides of Lomond's towers,
And then we leave him for the night comes fast,
And dark clouds threatens summer showers,
Alone he stands; and then a last farewell,
He turns,and plods along,and soon is lost to sight
And softly whispering winds,his story tells
"Good-night Lass**-------- " Goodnight "

THE LIGHT

When I sit at night,in my little schack,
With the yule logs burning so bright;
It's then my thoughts,go soaring back,
To the time when I saw that light.

It was burning and flashing,so full of dyes,
AS I gazed in awe at it's splendour,
It was the light of a womans eyes,
So beautiful,bright,and tender.

I havn't been as good as some folks say,
Yet,somehow,I think I am mending,
And I thank the Lord for that day in May;
When I saw those queer lights blending.

They seemed to pierce my very soul,
And I saw how wrong I had been;
For I wasn't a chap who would strive for a goal,
But now,how different things seem.

The cold winds come,and the swallow flies;
But I think not of these now,
For since I've seen those wonderful eyes,
I've solemnly made my vow.

" PICTURES IN THE FIRE "

Do you ever,when you're lonely,and surrounded by dull Care,
Find solace,yhough alone,'mid the fire's sparkling ~~glare~~ glare
Or,if ever you're in doubt,and assurance you require,
Dee's the problems never solve,in the pictures in the fire.

I remember once,on service bent,whil'st on a distant shore,
Wkil'st seated on a biscuit-box,I wished for home,onee more;
As the place just swam before me,to be cheery,well I strove,
And found comfort in the embers,of an army service stove.
Like pictures on a screen,they came flashing to my mind,
I saw again Old Scotland, and the folks I'd left behind,
Again I saw my Mother,with her basket,and her shawl,
It made me feel quite happy,the place no more did pall.

I remember once,I met a girl,for whose company I did yearn,
And her habits pleased me more,as her wisdom I did learn;
And,though apart from her at times,I would aspire,
When I saw her simple beauty,in the old shack's fire.

I ~~remember once~~,
Way up north,on the Garloch's shore I camped,
But often,when the sun would set,my spirits damped;
The gay life out in town,I soon would oftimes tire,
Still,comfort did I find,in the sizzling old camp's fire.

Out from that heap of burning sticks would peep,
A pair of dancing eyes,with colors,rich,and deep;
I found it more entrancing,than the musicof a lyre;
That picture framed in gold,amidst the fire.

The long forgotten past,looms up from out the faggots,
Diminishing in size,untill it equels maggots;
The Future blots it out,as the flames reach higher,
'Tis unsurpassed by none,that picture in the fire.

DREAMS

While under Morpheu's slumbering hand I dream,
And still,though awake at dawn,I ever seem;
To see a vision of our home-to-be,
Behind a cosy hillock,o'er a rumbling sea;
A rumbling sea of trees,of elms and oak$;
Above in spirals climbs our chimney smoke.

I peep inside,and what a scene lies there,
A scene which cheers the eye,indeed t'is rare;
A spotless hearth,a cosy rug,a glowing fire;
And all the comfort which is man's desire
But the feature that crowns this heavenly bliss;
Is the lady that will greet me with a kiss.

I see her as she stands,my!what a sight,
In spotless blouse,and simple apron white,
Baking all the plain,but wholesome fare;
Her very Smile inspires the eye,and shases care,
And every now and then,the clock,with grace,
Smiles back into a loving,cheerful face.

I reach my hand to touch her glossy hair,
Yet stay,I must with-hold,I cannot dare,
Then,lo 'tis gone,in vain 'tis to recall,
The grinding cry of toil denouncijg all.
And all the day,as I make vow by vow;
I laugh at Fate, it's place I can't allow

" THE NEW SHOT-FIRER "

The blinding snow,the whirling sleet,the icy blast,
Tells plainly how Dame Nature's hand is cast;
As,across the bridge that spans the Clyde,
I hurry on, another day for racking thoughts to ride.

The pit-head bears a furtive,somber look,
With snow-wreathes blown in on every nook;
The stout old beams,defy all Natures rage,
As sixteen men step on the swaying cage.

At last, we touch terra-firma once again,
My back achs,but I brush away the pain;
And,running out the cable to Big Jake,
I press, a flash, the whole mine seems to shake.

"Rest ye Lad ",I hear but no,'tis not my luck,
To gain honors that I seek,I must have pluck;
As on I run,some more shots to explode,
I feel my very bones,must crack beneath the load.

But surely,as I run,I laugh,'Tis Life,
And,once again,that pain cuts like a knife;
Still slashing,slaving on,with brains just all a-whirl,
I always find a thought,for my own darling girl.

And,when the day's work's over,alone I sit,
With feet before the fire,and pipe well lit,
The worry of the day,soon disapears;I'm jolly,
As I read a loving letter,from my girl up in Dunolly.

" ENVY "

I envy all the sunlight that kisses those brown curls,
And all the pretty flowers, she presses close;
I envy that soft wool she plys into those purls;
But most of all I envy all her clothes.

They cling to her, where e're she's wont to go,
And hug her with a grip that brings me pain;
She loves those pretty things, ofcourse I know,
~~I~~ I know I cannot alter that, But I grudge their gain.

To be her hat, must surely be a Prince's place,
Such dignified position would make the world seem bright;
And then, those charming bits of lace,
M-~~st-hidden, but~~
Must breath of heaven, 'most hidden, but not quite.

I envy all those little rain-drops, she's wont to shun,
To fall on her so softly, would be exquisite;
To kiss her cheeks, then trickle down, must be fun,
Whether it be rain, or hail or sleet.

And then her modest tea-cup every day, must touch those lips so many times,
Her gloves will cling so tightly, to her hands, but Say!
She'll have to use her eyes, to read these rhymes.

But; it matters not, I still hold one good card,
One thing is mine, and with I'll not part;
Though all those other things, treat me rather hard,
Well; after all, I HOLD HER HEART.

" FIGHT ON "

Let the wansering course of time, forever be,
A path of pure white lillies, fragile flowers;
Let Fate, in all her forms, on land or sea,
Endanger not our love, or smash our dreamland towers.

Dest tiny, our home in far off Paradise,
Seems nearer now, and bears us happy times;
'Its not our fault, we stumble as we rise,
Or linger to respond to matrimonal chimes.

Be brave, dear Sweetheart, I beseech thee, do,
Though at our very door, a serpent lies,
We'el fight right thro', though to us 'tis new,
'Till we are bound in matrimonial ties.

I ask not something out of your dear way,
No action that your innermost soul would ban;
I leave myself a crumbling piece of clay,
'Tis but for You to shape, and make the man.

Entrancing is the vision now before my mind,
I see a perfect man, whose eyes, with pleasure tell;
My Sweetheart is the lady, who se deeds were ever kind;
She made me what I am , she pulled me out of hell.

And, on through life, he carries that vain hope,
I must repay, though countless be the years;
Twas a job, that only faithful love could cope,
'Twas won by sleepless nights, and tears.

Each tear she shed for me, is like a weight,
A weight of responsibility, 'twill soon be gone;
It dos'nt bear me down, but steadies gait,
That surely would ramble, my lov, Fight On.

"Fight On", He answers to your prayers
He knows the odds you've faced, to gain your spoil;
"Fight On" though skies above seem grayer,
'tis not for YOU to curb; recoil.

" ECHOES FORM A LOVING HEART "

Dinna fash yersel ma lassie,if ,at times ma love seems caul,
Dinna think that am sae fickle,tae leave ahint a broken doll;
There are times,when am sae wearit,times when am jist in a stew,
But though I canna hide ma feelins,I ne'er forget whit I owe you.

I've likened ye tae yon braw lillies, that bend their heeds tae summer win',
But,though they fade,that's no tae say lass I would drap you when your din;
When ye tell me,that ye doot me,ye cause spasms o' inward pain,
Though the lillies dee in summer,they come to us in spring again,
So,lass,please spare me muckle thoughts that is'na true ava,
Though your face wis wrinkled, and your hair,as white as snaw
I'll love you just the same,when Life's sunset's thru,
The clouds o' a distant past,as I care for ye the noo.

" SOMEDAY "

To thee,my lass,I owe all kinds of gifts,
To thee,I owe,most all the world can give;
Someday,perhaps,when Fortune's veil desists;
Together we'el dwel,happily we will live.

As by our fire-side,we'el live our lives again,
And share our troubles in a loving way;
We'el find just why we feel this knawing pain,
Just why we sigh so much each passing day.

Ther'es days have passed without your smile,
There's days have passed without a kiss;
But these will fade away,in one short while
And all will harmonise,and pour out bliss.

Perhaps we'll both return,to those fair scenes,
Where lillies bend their heads to chestnut trees;
Where first we met,where first we knew what true love means,
We'll chase away the sorrows,and our hearts will ease.

" MISTAH MOON "

Mistah Moon,Mistah Moon,'way up in de sky,
I'se a-looking at you,an' I'll jus' tell you why;
I'se so weary,and sad,an' I feel all alone,
Like Masser Jones' dog,when he's not gotta bone

Now,Mistah Moon,your light am so bright,
D'at ten thousn' candels am snuffed inyour light;
Yo' shine on ma bed,an yo' kiss dis black face;
Till I feel like a flapper gal goin' the pace.

Am a-goin' to ask you a favour,kind Mistah Moon,
Jus' to cheer up the heart of this lonesome coon;
Der's a dinky gal ober yonder,jus' by dat big hill,
She's a peach of a gal,dat no sorrow can kill.

As she sleeps in her bedroom,I'se sure yo' cant miss,
But to steal thro' her windaw,den steal a kiss;
Now don't yo' get fresh,have a care Mistah Moon,
An' leave one ,--or two, for dis poor lonesome coon.

Dere's a picinniny in de great big city,
Der's a gal wid big brown eyes;
Dere's a dinky face,so nice an' pretty;
An' dat's jus' where ma hearvest lies.

Far away from all dose red-woods,
De cotton fields,de Missi' ribber;
Dere she plays,but not with dose dudes,
Dat spoil de lives of gals for ebber.

She plays at keepin' our ol' cabin,
Pluckin' chickins,makin' cakes;
She's allus spreadin' dough an' dabbin',
When I think of her,ma two sides shake.

Sometime she'll make dose cakes fo' me,
As from the fields I cease to work;
An' den we'll talk,-p'haps agree;
Dat love am best,where danger lurks.

" COMING OF AGE "

Today comes 'round,with undue haste,
The evidence of super powers;
The pearls of years gone bye,are paste,
They cannot stand the endless hours.

Twenty-One years ago,there beamed,
A ray of light,from a cloudless sky;
The Angel of Death,Hovering 'round,till it seemed,
Her vigil would end,with that first-born cry.

What would I give,to have seen that face,
To kiss just once those tiny hands;
To hear the first words,to see the first race;
And the wonders told of the unseen lands.

I linger to picture,to paint in my mind,
The pigments,unruly,run thro',as it were;
I at last give up hope,'tis useless to find,
The exact shades of purple and gold,to put there.

The years roll on,in that old village school,
Dreaming and wondering,she sits in her class;
And of't,at home,she holds mother's wool,
Or reads of the "Fairy and slipper of Glass ",

Perhaps,om a holiday,she goes to the sea,
Or wanders for hours,o'er a fern-strewn moor;
And picks wild berries and flowers with glee,
Or listens intent, to some boyish woo'er.

A shadow creeps neer,Oh,'tis so hard to bear,
For a loved one has gone,she loved dear;
Oh,were I'de been near,her trouble to share,
To kiss each eye free from a tear.

Another sweep of the sythe,and lo,
She is ready to fight in the battle to live;
And out to the world she stoutly will go,
Always ready to help,-ready to give.
What Fate has ordained,I smile,pardon me,
'tis a queer world this I say,with a sigh,
To think that 'till now,I Should ignorant be,
Of such treasures on earth,such light in an eye.

I watched,I waited,and cried,when I knew,
That the hopes I had cherished,had fallen away;
And many a tear-drop fell,good and true;
On a hemstitched rag,she had "lost" by the way.

Continued next page

Forget ! ,I tried,But 'twas fruitless tolose,
The insight I'de gained,compelled me to fight;
And fight I did, and soon she did choose,
And argued with facts,'till she found she was right.

Two years of ever-changing,blissful joys,
When secrets exchanged,brought Love;
No more she looks on men,as mere toys,
There is ONE,I'm sure,placed a little above.

All those long fretful years I have missed,
I'd gladly share now,with that Pal;
The troubles she's had,could be won,with a fist,
The " River of Life ",made a winding canal.

May each succeeding year,be brighter than this,
May each Year of each year,make a smile;
And then,lady-like,you forget you're a "Miss ",
May I be with YOU all the while.

Let's have all the joy's,And away with Care,
We've no room for her black presence now;
Some day,Whentogether, we draw up a chair,
We'll fight all our battles,and keep to our vows.

" YOURS "

Where the golden sunlight never plays,
Where giant rocks defy those rays;
Where Life and Death forever plays;
He lives for YOU.

Deep down in regions,'mid water and grime,
Black as night,and still thro' passing time,
A mirth provoking melody,breaks like churches chime,
He sings for YOU.

As thro' those narrow galleries he runs,
And halting now and then,to hear his comrades' puns,
He laughs,as though he's one of Riches' sons,
All this for YOU.

A cry of warning,sends them s cuttling out,
They know how well to heed his every shout,
And then a crash,as if the demons tend his life to route,
He thinks of YOU.

With aching head,he hurries here and there,
His wake is marked with smoke,as much as he can dare,
And blindly staggering on,with not a thought fore Care,
But,one for YOU.

A change,! the sky is gray,forboding steady rain,
A last touch to his neck-ware (surely man is vain)
And then,a rush to catch the mid-day train,
HE COMES TO YOU.

" PLEASURES "

Furtune knocks once,at every man's door,
So said a sage,fully wise;
With some,'tis with pleasures galore;
But with me,'twas two pretty eyes.

Don't be mislead,I'm not grumbling,for sure
Riches mean nothing to me,
If to change meant,that I'd never be poor,
Then,I'd sooner be poor,than lose thee.

After all,isn't gold,but a curse to men,
And diamonds;why,glittering stones,
Opals and pearls,and rubies we can,
Find in a skeletom's bones.

Should I want to see gold,in its purest form
I think of a heart,good and true;
And a medley of colors,just one big swarm,
Lives in the heart of my beau.

But,the glamour,the wine,you must miss
You may say,but I find that I never shall,
I can find all these pleasres,in a loving kiss;
From a dear little girl, a Pal.

There are some things,one would very well like,
But to change,how foolish t'would be,
Like an angler,who barters salmon for pike,
Then,gazes lonsome to sea.

Take some rich men,with wealth untold,
Is he happy and cheerful like us,
Pleasures of a kind,come into his fold,
But of life,he knows not a cuss.

We've struggled along with our little lot,
We'r happy and free,like the heather;
For pleasures like theirs,I care not a jot,
My pleasure is when we're together.

" PALS "

When the world is wont to frown,
Not a helping hand,-you're down;
And in some quiet nook one sheds a tear
When a Pal sneers at your luck,
Well,its hard to find some pluck;
Its hard to stand most every jeer.

Once the world was bright and gay,
Not a Pal to you said "Nay ";
But,with a cheery smile,would shake your hand
They never kicked a dog 'twas lame,
And they swore to play the game;
To have Pals like them,was simply grand.

'Tis when ones tasted,bitter-like,
The fruit of friendship,-not just quite;
And you find your deck,has dwindled to a card
One could dip in Death's cold pie,
Its dead easy,for to die
Its the living thats damnable hard.

But;there's one dear Pal,I'll always love,
She came to me,straight from above;
And 'lighted with a low,and sweeping glide
She's the one Pal in the whole wide world,
(With charming wisps of hair neat curled)
And,I'm never happy 'cept she's by my side.

" OUR PARIDISE RE*GAINED "

For one brief spell,we gaze on former haunts,
All the while we try to read each others thoughts;
Our hearts are of a kind that never flaunts,
But cling to memories,which intermediate tim has wraught
And ever and anon,the scene before our eyes,
Grows brighter in the Light of Love,that never dies.

We walk beneath the over-hanging chestnut trees,
Now leafless,as King Winter has ordained;
We've missed them such a while,we're now appeased,
We only think this joyous time can mean *-paridise re-gained
And,halting by the bridge,we cannot miss;
Evokes a careless laugh,a loving kiss.

The lake shines glassy, the birds are quiet,
Emotions,lingering thro the passing time,come forth;
We carenot,for our path lies clear and bright,
Though cold winds bend the stately elms to north;
Beside me walks a girl,my future wife
She knows the part these scenes placed in our life.

" ANSWERED "

They shine like the far of morning star,
They glimmer and glint,like the rippling brook;
Tho' seemingly mellow,and soft,from afar;
Yet proving the denizens,to every nook.

Brown as those leaves in the autum fall,
Sparkling like cascades from mountain streas,
So splendid to me,I answered their call;
And found in their depths,the gist of a dream.

As they flicker anon,ah!! tis pleasure untold,
As if Fate had ordained,and my heart's heart advised;
Thro' the bleak distant past,a breaker has rolled,
My heart's heart has answered,my dream realized.

Oh Sweetheart, forgive me,if I shed a tear,
'Tis a tear,but 'tis happiness,no stain from it lies;
Oh,the long nights are coming,the nights I hold dear,
'Tis then that I live,in the light of your eyes.

" MINE "

Zepher winds are gently calling
Autum leaves are ever falling
No more the long days,are appalling
Instead,they become you to me
Bringing thoughts of love,and killing,
All those wandering passions,thrilling,
Sweetening those two lips so willing
To purse a cupids bow for me.

Two eyes I see forever dancing,
Inrealms above they'd be romancing
With the spirits,they are always dancing,
Oh,joyful
Oh,! joyfull bliss,'tis all for me

Like a summer's harvest reaping,
Like pure diamonds,well worth keeping
Like the sun-set,'neath clouds peeping
Through those lashes,all for me.

Why are all those birds now singing,
Dainty creatures,pleasures bringing
Dis-owning care and always wringing
The best in life,for you and me

The old oak trees are bent and groaning,
The chestnuts too,are gently moaning
As 'neath their boughts,they see us roaming,
They're jealous of your love for ME

" MEMORIES "

~~As I sit all alone,by the banks o' the Clyde,~~
~~Disturbed not by wild,wintery~~

Just found this one today. I wrote it to "Minnie" when I worked aboard "The Lacy Ashton", out of Craigendoran. She must have thought it something special, as it was all tattered and torn, as of moved from purse to purse. Add it to your book

Ted

"STANDING 'FORE THE MAST " (S.S. LUCY ASHTON) Firth of Clyde

There's a friend in every lighthouse
O'er the tempestous Sea of Life,
There's a kindly smile to greet you
When your cargoe's Hate and Strife;
There's aye a silver lining
In the dark clouds o' the Past
That makes you kind of gladdened,
That youb e standin' 'fore the mast

When your Ship of Fate seems doomed,
And your riggin' starts to rent
And your main-sail sags below
The Winds of Dis-content
There's a breeze that comes a-blowin'
And it steers your ship so fast
That you're feelin' mighty happy
As you stand before the mast

It's a breeze they call the Future
And to it you'll look for help
Though the Rain and Hail of bitterness
Across your decks will pelt
You'll set your main top-gallant
And you'll swing your lead, and cast
Into the Sea of Happiness
When you're standin''f ore the mast

The Waves of Joy will lap your sides
And the Sun of Cheer will shine
The Breakers of Contentment
Will dash ahead of Time
And, dull Care and Worry fades away
Or stands a-side-agast
As you prove that you are dauntless
Standin' 'fore the mast

" A LAST FAREWELL,TILL WE MEET AGAINN"

Boodbye my Love; this parting is the last.
Sleep gently,'neath this mantle of fresh snow,
I should have no regrets about the past;
But,Dearest, it's so hard to let you go.

The Celts,from bygone days,have said,
That when a Scotsman dies,his soul will flee,
Back to his native land,be it man or maid
And,if that's so,Please wait a little while for me.

I'll meet You by yon bridge,where that first kiss,
Gave start to years of blissful life;
And wear that gown of velvet;remember this,
When we stood hand in hand,as man and wife.

I'll take You once again,across yon hills,
That seems so clear to me to-night;
Those lovely lillies,and the lakes and rills;
The heather,misty purple,in the light.

There will be so many things to do,
And,only You and I knowwhere to go,
To watch the angry s ea,'neath skies so blue,
And hear the sea=birds screaming down below.

Yes;wait for me my dear,it wont be long,
'Till we'll again stand,aside by side;
And gaze with wonder,at the passing throng,
Or sit upon the placid bank's o' Clyde.

These long dark nights,alone with You,
Are teaching me,the treasures of your charms;
The happy years we spent,with love so true,
Untill that moment,You died here in my arms.

Again,to You I venture this last vow,
That through the years to come,I'll ever be;
Your ever faithful servant;this I trow,
No alien hands,or lips,will take the place of thee.

"THE EXILE "

In an alien toon,I taed the kurb tae watch a big parade,
An' fancy floats bedecked wi' floors,historic scenes displayed;
But,that day ma hert wis sad,for bein' faur frae hame,
I wis jist aboot tae turn awa',when roon the bend they came.

My whit a sicht that wis,ma hert jist taen a turn,
They wis playin',"Scots wha hae",then changed tae,"Doon the burn":
Stridin' in front o' the pipers,an' the tallest o' them a',
Wis a heilin cheil,an' o' sae prood,ye cud tell by the cut o' his jaw.

I watched the sporrans swingin',an' the ribbons in the breeze,
Their snickersnaws pecked frae their hose,as pretty as you please;
The drummers' sticks were fleein',as they kept time tae the tune,
Ma feet were hard tae manage,an' ma heid went roon an' roon.

The crood aboot were clappin' hauns,an' wavin' tae the Scots,
Bit that wisna enough for me,so ahint the baun I trots;
I matched their step,threw oot ma chist,an' held ma heid up high,
Seein' me oot there,mair Scotsmen jined tae this hamely battle cry.

The pipers seemed tae sense us there,and played for us alane,
So on we mairched,oor herts sae foo,oor sperrits high an' vain;
They changed the tunes tae suit us a',frae "Cullodon Moor" tae "Haddon Ha',
"Scotland the brave",an'"Bonny Prince Charlie",an"2Wull ye no cum back ava"

In ma hotel room that nicht,as I dunked ma puir soir feet
The hamesik feelin' I hid that day,an' also the urge tae greet;
Wis a' gone noo,insted ther's the warmest kind o' glow,
An' I helped it along,wi some barleycorn,ma love for Scotland tae show.

Whit is it thats in a Scotsman's hert,when he hears the piebrôch skirl,
An' faur awa' frae hills an' hame,an' he sees the drum-sticks whirl;
Hoo prood he gets!,an'fechtin' mad,thro' the screechin an' the din,
As he taks his glese,he shouts again',"Wha's like us,Damn the yin".

Bob Scott

BLACK MONDAY

And so,the day returns,areminder of the day the chariot came,
To scoop you from my arms,and leave me here alone;
No one to turn to;no tears;just awondering who to blame,
Did I,in my first grief,fail you somewhere;How can I atone?

We seemed so close that day,as we planned together,
How we would say"Hello" to friendslong since neglected;
And talked of days we spent 'mongst hills and heather,
We laughed and joked,at the memories of the past collected.

There was the time when my home was just a tent,
Long were the miles you travelled to be with me,just for a day;
But,in that one day,we tore aside all doubts of discontent,
Our pent up love was blasted forth,and we were one,come what may.

And then,the night adventure called,and I was soon to leave,
To seek a home for us;that parting was to be the last,
When we'ed meet again on foreign soil,ther'd be no time to grieve,
There would be no time for anything but love,no looking to the past.

So,through the years,we kept that pledge,right to the end,
Whenever shadows came,we sought the light of Hope;
And many were the happy years we were blessed to spend,
Together,in a world where obsticals surmounted,were now remote.

Now a year has passed,and though time has seemed to fly,
I've felt your prescence near me,your breath upon my cheek;
You've stayed my hand,'cause there's been times,no matter how I'd try,
When all seemed lost,why carry on?,the future seems so bleak.

We'eve come a long way together,Minnie,how that name seems to bring,
These long pent up memories,of a lifetime spent with thee;
When I walk the floor at night,I walk with you,and sing,
The praises of whatever brought you,to clasp this hand of me.

To-day,I stop before your shrine,and place a sprig of heather,
'tis but a simple thing I know,but then,who cares,just you and I,
Its a token of the wonderous years,we spent together,
Till you were called,and I was left here,'till the day I die.

Somehow I know,that you'll be there waiting,and greet me with a kiss,
To whisper again those words,so oftimes spoken;
To hold those arms out-spread,those arms I dearly miss,
This then,I wait for;to heal a [redacted] heart. -that's broken.

Bob.

" In the wake of the twister "

It came in the night, this whirling long black snake,
'mid torrents of rain, and winds of untold force;
And, reached right down, our humble home to make,
A heap of rubble, then on it went it's wayward way.

We crept out from our celler, like drowning rats,
And surveyed the residue of the dreams of years;
Now strewn across the fields, like wanton bats
With fluttering wings;-with taunts;-and jeers.

Those tattered ribbons, now pinned against the hedge,
Now hanging limp; were they my curtains, or a summer dress,?
Those twisted bits of metal, clining to a window sill,
--My baby's crib,?it's hard to tell in such a mess.

Then, Jim, My man, speaks up, his voice seems far away,
"We're lucky, there's none of us maimed, or killed;
Let's seek some shelter, and, at the break of day,
We'll clean this up, and get ready to build."

Oh, ofcourse we'll build again; but what's the use,
To me, a new house will never be the same;
I was eighteen, with a body suple and loose,
Now, at forty-two, can I do all thatwork again,?

We didn't build a house;-we built a HOME,
Working side by side, from dawn 'till dark,
With dirty face, and hands, my hair ne'er seen a comb,
Never tiring, 'twas just a great big lark.

And, who will put the teeth-marks on that chair,
Or, nail the loose board down, where Jimmy's knee was scratched;
----In the wet cement; the hand-prints, placed there with care,
Just some things that mean a lot, and can't be matched.

How do you start a-new, without thost baby rings,?
And, the old rag dolls, or the one-eyed horse;
Or, that picture of the bird with golden wings,
You don't know how, but we'll build, as a matter of course.

As for YOU, you swirling snakey fiend,
You've blighted my life, you've taken from me;
That little corner, where I fussed and preened,
You'll be forgiven a lot, but to this, I can't agree.

Bob Scott

" The Master's Plan "

Relentlessly the clock ticks on,another year's gone bye,
When you lose someome you love,you pause,and wonder why;
Each passing day,like the day before,and the day to come
A seeming endless march of time,caught in a huge doldrum.

What of the Master's Plan,?where everyone plays a part,
In the Universal scheme of things,in the make-up of the Chart
That cleaves a path,one must follow;no shirking of the load,
No faltering by the way-side,right to the end of the road.

And so,we pause and wonder,and at times in deep dispair,
At the seeming senseless splitting up of a wedded pair;
Just when their sun was setting;in the evening of their days,
'twould seem more fitting,to take them both from this earthly maze.

But,who are we to challenge this,?Who will stay,and who will go?
And,who is being punished,or rewarded,as the Chart will show;
There must be work unfinished for the one that's left behind,
Some deed to do:maybe a sacrafice,perhaps a loosening of the mind.

It is written,"The Mills of the Gods grind slowly,yet surely do they grind,"
And though it seems like boredom,to the one that's left behind;
There musn't be a doubt,that this waiting is a part
Of the Master's plan to reconstruct,and mend a bleeding heart.

Bob Scott

" The Flower Girl "

She stood on the corner,as the crowds strolled by,
This puny and frail girl as she offered her flowers
Dirty bare feet,with ruby-red nails,straggly hair,with nary a tie
A mis-shapen dress stained with sunshine and showers.

She was but a child;maybe fifteen,give or take two,
Her twisted thin lips tried to fashion a smile;
But her eyes told the story,with their corn-flower blue
She was starving for love,so I paused for a while.

Some people stopped,and accepted her wares
And pressed in her hand what seemed like a gift
As if by their action,all worries and cares
Were swept off their minds,gave their heart a lift.

Somewhere,I thought,there's a mother who's waiting,
For some word from this wayward run-a way miss
All those long haired men,with their clandestine mating
With this free love flowing,and irreverant kiss.

And so,on a tear-stained pillow,she sobs for her baby,
And wonders,where or what she's done wrong,
"Lord send her back to me,we'el try again,and maybe
Between us and Your love,we'el again burst in song"

Then up drove a waggon full of Hippies,and playing
Happy tunes,on a mixture of strings and brass;
Gone were all thoughts of pleading,or praying
As I watched then pick up my little lass.

And,shocked as I was,at the noise and confusion,
This bare-faced affrontry,this flouting the "cool"
Untill I read their poster,"You'll pardon this intrusion
We're seeking donations for the new orphan school".

Here was a car load of Hippies,or at least so it seemed,
That turned out to be just a sunday school class;
And they shocked all their neighbors,and who'd ever have dreamed
That the minister's daughter;-was my little flower lass.

Bob Scott

" El Diabalo# "

He squated beneath an old oak tree,and gazed on the valley below,
His saddle-bags bulged with loot,this,then,was Di Ababalo;
The called him"The devil",and he earned the name,wherever he'd roam,
And now he returned to the valley,this place he called his home.

Sullen and ruthless and vicious was he,this was where it started,
His lips grew tight,as the memory came,of years from his family parted
The village lay quiet beneath his gaze,here in the noon-day sun,
As he pondered the welcome he would get,his hand strayed to his gun.

Im the hush of the eveninghe tied up his mount,and swaggered up to the bar,
The crowd shrank back,they knew him well,better than most,by far;
Diabalo gazed around the room,"Come friends",said he,and drink my wine
And let us be merry,and make amends,your town will soon be mine".

I've silver candlesticks to grace your church,and money to spare,
I've silver spurs,and golden buckles,and beads and crosses rare,
And I will be your Patroon,me that you hate so much
Everyone will have a share,that ventures my hand to touch."

They surged to the bar,and soon the rafters rang
They danced all night,and many were the songs they sang;
And Diabalo reined as King;he threw pesos on the floor,
They scooped them up,and cried,"Diabalo for evermore".

AND THEN HE WOKE UP,!,and saw the stark bare cell,
The window bars,the iron door,the tolling of a bell;
The Deputy with the leather strap,to bind him tight
The Sheriff prod him upright;it's not a pretty sight.

The through the crowd of"Gringos" to the scaffold right ahead,
The rope adjusted round his neck,the trap falls back;Diabalo's dead.
And 'way back in that peaceful valley,where he dreamed of being King,
The name Diabalo is whispered some;a name's not everything.

Each villager now totes a gun,there's stillettos under the shawls,
There's those who watch the hills above,ready with their calls,
They say Diabalo will come back some day;to burn their town,
But all the betting ever done,is who will shoot Diabalo down.

Bob Scott

" THE COUNTESS "

The village hall was crowded, they'd come to pay their respects to the groom,
And to meet the bride of Johnnie, now marching to his doom;
In a corner sat, an antient crone, aloof from all the rest,
So prim and neat, with a haughty air;-aQueen bee on her nest,

She couldn't deny her origin,-not with those pale blue eyes,
And that stiff-back pose, just the touch of a smile, told of Rhineland skies
I was introduced; I clicked my heels, and bent to kiss her hand,
She bid me sit, to talk awhile, her toe keeps time to the band.

"Sonny", she says to me, (I'm about three score and ten), her hand pats my knee,
"The last timesomeone kissed my hand, 'twas many years; let's see;
It really dosn't matter, I was a buxam maid, and pretty too,
This dance brings to mind the circumstance, my story I'll tell to you.

"This affair was for the Cobbler's son, the whole village was there to pay,
Their respects to the bride and groom, something like this, I'd say;
When all eyes turned to the door; and there a soldier stood,
'twas the Count from the big house on the hill, he must have thought us rude,

"We girls worshiped him, from afar, and whenever he came to town,
We' slyly watch his every move, with flutttering eyes, we'ed curtsey down;
So, across the hall he strides;-I'm now in a kind of a trance,
But he clicks his boots, and my hand he kissed, "Frauline, shall we dance,"

"My one hand on his shoulder, the other on the hilt of his sword,
We drifts around the hall, the envy of all my friends, and Oh, Lord,
The band has stopped, ! the waltze is over, he whisoered, "I've got to go,
I'M off to fight for the Fatherland, when I get back; you'll be the first to know."

"I never saw my Count again, but a letter from the Cobbler's son,
Told of the way my Count had died; without ever firing a gun;
Now, I had visioned him waving his sword, and smiling left and right,
He was MY KNIGHT, of that I was sure, 'twas for me he pittied his might.

"The letter from the Cobbler's son, from a prison camp, somewhere in France,
Told of the morning this cavelcade came, and, believe me, it wasn't just chance,
The Brittish, in their cunning way, didn't fight by rules or rote,
Oh, no, they gave each man a mug of rum, and dressed him in a petty-coat.

" And, on they came, a bunch of savages, dressed as women; and howling mad,
So, the Count just stood ther in the trench, to hit a woman; he'd be a cad;
I later learned they called them Scots, ach, what's in a name; of this I know,
They slew my Count, and gone were my dreams; they laid me low "

"Say, Sonny", and now she peered at me, "You've quite an accent, where you from?"
"I ban come from Switzerland" (my tounge in my cheek), I says, "frm ester-baum"
Well, I bid her adieu, my thoughts were mixed up; more or less,
I again kissed her hand, and whispered, "Auf Wiedersen mine Countess"

Bob scott

Wilma

" A day to remember "

Let's see;this makes two score and seven years,
Since we met,and merged our hopes and fears;
So,to-day I come again to you,with flowers so gay,
Just as in the past;only now,beneath this sod you lay.

It's kinda lonely at times,my dear,without the lift
Of your precious smile,when you graciously received a gift;
That glint in your eyes,that somehow spoke of heathered hills
Where we wandered together;a vacant void,that memory fills.

When I look back to the wonderfull pleasure-filled days,
It seems that I waited for those many "eleventh of Mays;"
Just to get you a gift,some little token,mostly flowers,
To mark this anniversary of our meeting,THIS DAY WAS OURS.

And,like to-day,I'm here again,as in yesterdays gone bye,
-it's not the same;your warm embrace is missing;your misty smile;
When you knew that I remembered,your heart just full of cheer,
That's how I still think of you;'till we meet again,sleep well,my dear.

Yes,sleep well,you left here on earth,dreams unfullfilled,
Some questions unanswered;work unfinished;pleasures killed;
So far away from our native heath;so far from yon restless sea,
Where we romanced together,but you're still so close to me.

Bob.

Dad

2340
2342
25

" MORTUARY "

There's a silence in the wash-house,as the men file slowly in,
There's an air of grief,and sadness,not a jest;not e'en a grin;
When they speak,it is in whispers,and their dim eyes stare ahead,
Over on the office floor,a "buddy's laid out dead.

They remember him that morning,as he laughed,jut full of life,
They remember too,his kiddies,and his grief torn loving wife;
Of the long hard road to travle,of the little mouths to feed,
They know the widow's road is hard,in this world of selfish greed.

His buddy tells the story,how Death's sythe made a sweep,
Of the warning cry,the timber's crack,the futile leap;
And the entry seems to quiver,as the slate comes crashing down,
It's an oft told tale this story,when a miner gets his crown.

No time to say a prayer,just a sort of gurgling gulp;
In a flash;where stood a homan,now a mass of bloddy pulp;
They still preach laws of safety,all of them safe and sound,
But it serves no gainful purpose,when the lay you 'neath the ground.

" THE TROTH "

When you were sweet nineteen,and I was twenty-one,
And,vibrant with the glow of love,we climbed yon Scottish Ben,
On a heather patch we gloried in,the warmth of the summer sun,
We talked,as only lovers do,as words flow from a poet's pen

Up there on the Scottish Highlands,'twas a dreamy kind of day,
With fleecy clouds just drifting by,like ships on an endless sea;
While,below on the foot-hills,tumbling around,were lambs at play,
The whole wide world was empty;except for You and Me.

Down on the loch below,the "Lucy Ashto" left her berth,
With her paddles churning a frothy wake to mark her course;
So,soon we must leave this Paridise;climb back to earth,
Ere she returned,and led us back,to reality and remorse.

We promised ourselves,that one day we'd come back,
To glory in the solitude,that this rugged land provides;
This land that tears your heart out,something that others lack,
With it's gentle streams flowing from steep,stern mounatain sides.

So ended the day,a day so free from worldy strife,
But a day long to be remembered throughout the years;
Because,'twas there you promised to become my wife
"Together to the End",you said,"No matter what;our hopes,or fears.

Well; we never did go back,though I did,once,alone,
I was saying "Goodbye",to Scotland,and I couldn't resist,
Just to sit once more on that halloed spot;and time has shown
That our love endured,without a ring,to seal the pact;we just kissed.

Bob Scott

" Letter to Mama "

Dear,Dear,Mama;

As you can see by the address,I've moved.I'm now out on a farm through no fault of mine,I've been forceably ejected from the city to the great out-doors.It happened this way;-

As you must know Mama,I'm now quite a big cat,and this Fi-Fi kit next door and I have been making with the love bit for some time.One day she ambles over to my pad,and after the usual pleasantaries,she gobbles up a nice piece of liver that I'd been saving for a snack,not that I mind her having a piece,but she goes for the whole bit,then to add an insult she walks past my kitty-litter box and proceeds to make a mess on the rug,after making a show of coveri ng it up she has the rug all fuzzed up,then she tosses her head and goes back to her porch. My lady,on seeing this pulls me up by the scruff of my neck,and the next thing I know,is that I'm flying through the air and sprawling on the side-walk.This is the same lady that holds me in her arms and coos,"Nice Kitty,Nice Kitty".I peek in,and she's down on her knees on the rug with a bottle of amonia,and trying to clean up Fi-F-'s mess,which she's now sure was done by yours truly,and that mealy-mouth female feline is chortling over my misfortune.My lady comes to the door,shakes her fist at me,and says,"Just you wait till Daddy gets home".Now I've been keeping away from this Daddy character,ever since he put me in the oven,as I've been convinced since then,that he must have read too much about concentraction camps,and ovens and such things.Well when "Daddy" gets home and finishes supper,he comes to the door and calls,"Here Kitty,Come Tiger",So as I'm thinking they have found out,that I've been unjustly accused,and are calling me home to apolidge,so home I comes.

I finish my dish of milk,and await their next move.This is not long in coming as I'm carried out to the car,and soon I'm miles out of the city,watching the telephones roll past.After what seems like ages,"Daddy" stops the car,grabs me by the tail and,after a few revelutions round his head,he lets go,and while I'm still in the air,turns the car around,and heads back home.

I make this out like it's a simple operation,but I've an awful feeling that I'M being made a fool of by this Fi-Fi dame,and this cliche about,"The woman alwas pays",doesn't set very good with me,and the wheat field where I've landed looks like a jungle.

I made my way out of this jungle,and,as I'm getting mighty hungry,I run for a large barn,which offers what looks like hospitality.Sneaking in the door I see a pair of very fat,and very old cats snoozing close by a large pie-plate full of milk,so,without any furthur adoo,I proceed to fill myself up with the old grade A The two old cats never bat an eye,I find out later that they are too fat and too lazy to do much about anything,in fact a mouse ventures out,and is helping itself to the dribbles from the pie-plate.The mouse seemed very surprised,and just a trifle put out,when I nailed it with the old one-two,the farmer came in just then,and seeing me chopping up the mouse,says,"Now we've got a real hunter,you're welcome to stay".The two old cats just rolled over,yawned,and went back to sleep. Comes night-fall,so Mama as per your teachings I hit for the high ground,which was a hay-loft,and very cozy,with all the nice smells from the cows being wafted up,my tummy now is full,and the sound of mice scampering about,but I figure there's another day coming,when I'll teach those mice the game of hide and seek. It's hard to sleep in this new place,and I've recurring night-mares ,of Fi-Fi being a huge mouse,a dirty rat would be more like it,but as you always said Mama, when your belly's full,it's hard to get real mad at anything.

Pur r r r

Tiger

Grandpa

My Dear Wilma,

Wednesday

Well, that was a short summer. We had snow Monday and freezing
t night. My magnolia tree sure got hell, it's now one mess of brown blossoms, it
ould make you sick, it's still cold here, I had changed to lighter underware
ut you can bet your horse I'm in thermal long johns again, having trouble
ith my furnace, but I just put it on manual, so I go down and jack the temp
p to about eighty, then shut it off, and it keeps the house warm for hours.
My neighbors, as usual are checking on me all the time, and bringing
me such goodies, you wouldn't believe it. Mary just called from Wyoming,
raying she'd been too busy to write, she's put up two cases of strawberries
nd has been helping out at the church, rummage sales and what not. As for
o I know Dan's still on strike, the whole construction business is at a
tand off here. I made my first rhubarb pie yesterday, so nice. You were
alking about the tulip festival, but I think I'll just pass this one up,
is I'll have plenty to do getting this place squared away. The neighbors
ave my garden dug up and the grass cut, but when it warms up I'm
oing to paint the back of the garage, it looks bad from Ring St. My
exican friend's "compadre" was buried Monday, he was very upset about it,
s they were very close, he brought over tequila and beer. I was
own to McMaths yesterday at the invitation of Hugh, Mary McMath is down in
ensing visiting, and Hugh was buying a drink. My plants in the windows
re just too beautiful, now and then a humming bird will come to the
indows for a quick look-see. As far as my health goes, I'm feeling
ist fine, and eating good, just waiting for the weather to get better.
Hope this wee note finds you all well,

Lots of Love

Dad

"LITTLE RHYMES OF THE MICHIGAN MINES "

Oh,reader grieve not,as you read these lines,
As a sage I wrote of the Michigan mines;
Of the fortunes that's made,and the failures as well,
Of happiness,and tragedy,and man made hell.

They come from the lands far across the sea,
They come and they go, like the wandering bee;
They shoulder a burden,as heavy as lead,

Some don't go at all;just stay here dead.

Scotch,English,French,and Turk,
Seeking the lowest form of work;
Greek,Italian,Belgian,and Pole,
All fighting and scratching to mine the coal.

Germans too,with thick fat necks,
And Yankees with their horn-rimmed specks;
And sturdy Slavs,and negroes too,
And,once in a while,a wandering Jew.

Of these I write in my humble style,
So pause,and bear with me awhile;
I'll take you back to the dreams of years,
To a life that's filled with laughter and tears.

Robert Scott